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Harpagon.—Et cette Cassette comment est elle faite ? . . . . . .
Maitre Jacques.— . . . . . Elle est petite, si on le veut prendre par là ; mais je l'appelle grande pour ce qu'elle contient.—MOLIERE.

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With feelings of pride and satisfaction the Editor of "The Casket" surveys the list of Authors, of whose writings it is composed:—the kind and disinterested motives which have induced so many highly gifted persons to aid her design, convinces her that they will participate in the pleasure with which she hails its accomplishment.

When the earnest wish of benefiting a friend first suggested the undertaking, the success that has attended it could not have been anticipated; and the Editor earnestly requests the Contri-

butors and Subscribers to accept her grateful acknowledgments.

The poetry contained in this volume consists of pieces written expressly for "THE CASKET," and of others which have never before been published. It is, however, necessary to make a single exception to this remark; in acknowledging, with many thanks, the beautiful lines contributed by Mr. ROGERS, the Editor feels obliged to add, that they were extracted from a poem, which, though unpublished at the time, has since been given to the public.

To Mr. MOORE peculiar thanks are due for suffering himself to be induced, by the circumstances in which the present publication has originated, to deviate from his rule of never contributing to any miscellaneous work.

The Editor cannot refrain from acknowledging even the intended kindness of Mr. CAMPBELL, who had permitted his name to appear in the Prospectus as a contributor to "THE CASKET," but who has been prevented, by subsequent illness, from the fulfilment of his promise.

Mr. MURRAY is requested to accept the thanks of the Editor for the liberality of the terms on which he has engaged to publish "THE CASKET."

ERRATA.

Page 246, line 3..for " western" read " west'ring."
247, in the title, " Answer to a Cameronian Love-Song from the *Poem* of Nithsdale and Galloway," read, " the *Remains* of Nithsdale and Galloway."
310, line 2, for " Mammon " read " Memnon."

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THE CASKET.

THE CASKET.

PROLOGUE.

Hast thou not ever,—gentle reader, say,—
Yawn'd at an Auction half the live-long day?
And slily mark'd, as lot succeeds to lot,
A bust, a Titian, or a China-pot,
How, pausing, ere the eventful hammer falls,
Choice puzzles some,—and some the price appals?

Our Prologue thus,—the Muse's auctioneer
Presents a bargain to each bidder here,
Bold in hyperbole the pulpit mounts,
And all the wonders of his wares recounts:
How in this page the Loves and Graces meet,
And all Parnassus warbles on that sheet;
How rills of verse, o'er meads of vellum wide
Meandering, swell the typographic tide,

Whose wealth-fraught floods, as o'er their bounds
they break,
Pay tribute to our Lady of the Lake.
She, like a pious priestess of Virtù,
From bronze antique and modern or-molu
Culls many a costly stone, and sparkling ore,
And stocks her CASKET with exhaustless store.
Who would not quaff from founts that ne'er can fail?
—Witness this copious catalogue of sale—
" Brilliants, your grace—my lord—a bowl o'erflowing—
Crowns for the CASKET? Guineas! going—going!"

Or hast thou ne'er, to search their rival stalls,
Loung'd from the Horse-Bazaar to Tattersall's?
And scann'd, with knowing eye and jealous heed,
From tooth to frog each purchasable steed?
Hinted a blemish, criticised a point,
Forc'd the short cough, and strok'd the fetlock joint,
Till, quite bewilder'd, thou hast stood at gaze,
'Midst mares and geldings, chestnuts, roans, and greys?
Our nags, endow'd with more poetic feet,
Start off for Hippocrene at a heat:
To Gorgon's line their pedigree we trace,
And boast a Pegasus of every pace;

From fretful Satires, charging at full speed,
To dull Didactics of Lucretian breed;
Couplets well match'd, to double harness broke,
And wild unbridled Odes, disdainful of the yoke:
The Maiden-lay first panting for the plate,
The Veteran Classic, doom'd to carry weight,
Long-winded Ballad, swift-pac'd Repartee,
Well-bred; and warranted extempore.

Or art thou, reader! of the softer sex?
And didst thou ne'er thy gentle brain perplex
With ruffs, rouleaux, frills, tippets, flounces, chintz,
From Howell's tissues to the tapes at Flint's?
Where simpering, panting, staggering as they toil,
Skein after skein the apprentices uncoil;
Ribbons of every stripe and texture throw
Their length of lustring, like the radiant bow;
Lace, lama, gros-de-Naples, approach the sky,
The groaning counter towers Olympus-high;
Roll upon roll the gentle giants heave,
And the mount labours with—a gigot sleeve.
So teems the CASKET; so the modish Muse
Stores her gay mart with Fashion's choice bijoux;
Measures out rhymes as Custom's calls impel,
Wit by the nail, and fancy by the ell;

Reforms our habits, oft as tastes explode,
And trims the moral jacket à-la-mode;
Love-ditties here she binds in chaste corsets,
There strait-lac'd sonnets in Italian stays;
Sad-suited elegies in tinsel sheen,
Of jet and bugles, crape and bombazin.
Eclogues with wild Arcadian flowers adorns,
And cottage chips, and pastoral Leghorns:
Riddles, charades, she veils, from sight withdrawn,
Like beauties beaming through transparent lawn;
And many a spangle, many a pin she strows,
In pointed epigrams, and bright bon-mots.

More stately now she spreads her rich brocade,
Plumes the blue bonnet, plaits the belted plaid;
With these she decks her minstrel's favourite lay,
And braids his thistle with immortal bay,
And sets anew the gems of Celtic lore,
As pious nymphs their grandam's garb restore:
Some on dark Mona's Druid mantle glow,
Some blaze in Erin's emerald bandeau,
Mimick the shamrock on her airy crest,
And match the verdure of the sea-maid's vest.
Three sister-realms, thus clustering gem on gem,
Conspire to grace Britannia's diadem.

Then slight not our's, nor deem thy gifts more rare,
Though thou perchance art fairest of the fair,
Where Fashion, towering in her pride of place,
Reigns, sovereign source of grandeur or disgrace;
Where Rank and Beauty throng her gorgeous throne,
And Wit with magic studs her Siren zone,
And Pleasure plants, ere darted from the eye,
The vis-a-vis point-blank artillery;
And Music breathes a spell all hearts to sway,
Witch'd by thy bow, melodious Collinet!
Or haply where, gratuitously lent,
Thy graces raise the market cent. per cent.
Where in bright smiles, enhancing every gain,
Thy bounty sparkles on the sons of Spain;
Like her, who, gifted by the fairy-dower,
Spoke pearls, and prattled in a diamond shower.

Lured by the glittering bait of voice and eye,
The fops, who come to flirt, remain to buy.
Yet here and there a calculating swain
Weighs well and cheapens, ere he clasps the chain;
Or, still more barbarous, casts a careless glance,
Or slits thy tender kid-skins, fresh from France;
Or jerks thy poor Grimaldis, 'till they skip,
E'en to the dislocation of the hip;

Turns o'er thy landscapes with a listless loll,
And scarce returns the ogling of thy doll:
Too well those secret springs the tyrant sways,
As sidelong now she shoots the glassy rays,
Now rolls devoutly up, demurely down,
O, that the insulted idol could but frown!

Thou wretch without a heart! unscath'd to bear
" Her eyes' blue languish and her golden hair;"
Gaze on those melting limbs, and ne'er relax,
Thaw, and dissolve to sympathetic wax!
Thus heroes play with puppets at a ball,
Turn on the spurr-capp'd heel, and jilt them after all.

And is it thus that Fashion still requites
Her votaries? thus repays their daily rites?
Nightly for this in mingled incense feels
Del Croix's mille-fleurs transfus'd through Rigg's Pastilles,
And snuffs Arabia's breath in every gale,—
Her spicy courts and blest boudoirs exhale?

Not so—unlock the CASKET: snatch these spoils
From pamper'd pride; and burst her tasteless toils:

Ere Envy foil, or Avarice alloy,
Wit's sterling worth, appreciate and enjoy.
The purest pearl, the brightest mineral shines,
In seas unfathom'd, and unlabour'd mines!
And oft the slighted Muse withholds the prize,
Like Portia's Casket, from fastidious eyes.

Turns o'er thy landscapes with a listless loll,
And scarce returns the ogling of thy doll:
Too well those secret springs the tyrant sways,
As sidelong now she shoots the glassy rays,
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Like Portia's Casket, from fastidious eyes.

COMPOSED ON THE SUMMIT OF CADER-IDRIS, NORTH WALES.

Beautiful clouds! ah, whither, whither
So fondly do ye stray?
Beautiful clouds! come hither, hither,
And waft me on your way!

Beautiful clouds! I see you flitting,
As on the mountain's brow,
In solitary rapture sitting,
I view the world below.

Beautiful clouds! how light ye hover
Betwixt the sky and sea;
Scarce can the doubting eye discover
If sails or clouds ye be.

Of late three separate clouds appearing,
Now into one ye blend,
And now, as if my summons hearing,
Ye hither, hither wend.

Nearer, yet nearer now advancing,
  Ye climb the cliff below,
And, bright with silvery sunbeams glancing,
  Crown it an alp of snow.

Beautiful clouds! again ye sever!
  Away, away ye fly!
And rest at length, as if for ever,
  Upon the eastern sky.

But there, is not your radiant dwelling,
  Blest pilgrims of the air!
No! yours, all mortal thoughts excelling,
  Must be where angels are.

Oh! if your wings my soul could borrow,
  I'd follow on your track!—
And yet one smile of earth's sweet sorrow
  Too soon would lure me back.

SONNET,

DREAMS.—1823.

I THINK of night—and thus endure the sun.
Sleep is existence—dreams my paradise—
For then the dear departed back are won.
Her then I see—and see without surprise
Or grief, forgetting all that death has done;
Nor deem it strange she meets my longing eyes,
Nor fear to lose her;—wherefore should I fear?
And then we hold communion, sweet, sincere,
As when her sainted spirit dwelt below,
And I was happier every passing year.
Ah! that maternal smile how well I know!
Words without sounds, yet breathing peace and love,
Steal from her lips—I seem on air to move;
Then wake, to life—reality and woe.

THE TOMBS OF THE FATHERS.

THE Jews occasionally hold a solemn assembly in the Valley of Jehosaphat, the ancient burial-place of their people. They are compelled to pay a heavy tax to the Mahometans for the privilege of mourning in stillness at the sepulchres of their fathers.

I.

IN Babylon they sat and wept
Down by the river's willowy side,
And when the breeze their harp-strings swept,
The strings of breaking hearts replied:
A deeper sorrow now they hide;
No Cyrus comes to set them free
From ages of captivity.

II.

All lands are Babylons to them,
Exiles and fugitives they roam:
What is their own Jerusalem?
The place where they are least at home!
Yet hither from all climes they come,
And pay their gold for leave to shed
Tears o'er the generations fled.

III.

Around the eternal mountains stand,
With Hinnom's darkling vale between;
Old Jordan wanders through the land,
Blue Carmel's seaward crest is seen;
And Lebanon, yet sternly green,
Throws, when the evening sun declines,
Its cedar shades in lengthening lines.

IV.

But, ah! for ever vanish'd hence
The Temple of the living God,
Once Zion's glory and defence—
Now mourn beneath the oppressor's rod
The fields where faithful Abraham trod;
Where Isaac walk'd by twilight gleam,
And heaven came down on Jacob's dream.

V.

For ever mingled with this soil
Those armies of the Lord of Hosts,
That conquer'd Canaan, shared the spoil,
Quell'd Moab's pride, storm'd Midian's posts,
Spread paleness through Philistia's coasts,
And taught the foes, whose idols fell,
"There is a God in Israel."

VI.

Now David's tabernacle gone,
What mighty builder shall restore?
The golden throne of Solomon,
And ivory palace, are no more:
The Psalmist's song, the Preacher's lore,
Of all they did, alone remain
Unperish'd trophies of their reign.

VII.

Holy and beautiful, of old,
Was Zion midst her princely bowers;
Besiegers trembled to behold
Bulwarks that set at nought their powers:
—Swept from the earth are all her towers;
Nor is there—so is she bereft—
One stone upon another left.

VIII.

The very site whereon she stood,
In vain the foot, the eye would trace;
Vengeance, for saints' and martyrs' blood,
Her walls did utterly efface;
Dungeons and dens usurp their place;
The Cross and Crescent shine afar,
But where is Jacob's natal star?

IX.

Still inexterminable—still
Devoted to their mother-land,
Her offspring haunt the temple hill,
Amidst her desecration stand,
And bite the lip, and clench the hand:
—To-day in that lorn vale they weep,
Where patriarchs, kings, and prophets sleep.

X.

O, what a spectacle of woe!
In groups they settle on the ground;
Men, women, children, gathering slow,
Sink down in reverie profound;
There is no voice, nor speech, nor sound—
But through the shuddering frame is shown
The heart's unutterable groan.

XI.

Entranced they sit, nor seem to breathe;
Themselves like spectres from the dead;
Where shrined in rocks above, beneath
With clods along the valley spread,
Their ancestors, each in his bed,
Shall rest, till, at the judgment-day,
Death and the Grave give up their prey.

XII.

Before their eyes, as in a glass,
—Their eyes that gaze on vacancy—
Pageants of ancient grandeur pass;
But "*Ichabod*" on all they see
Brands Israel's foul idolatry:
—Then, last and worst, and sealing all
Their crimes and sufferings—Salem's fall.

XIII.

Nor breeze, nor bird, nor palm-tree stirs,
Kedron's unwater'd brook is dumb;
But through that glen of sepulchres
Is heard the city's fervid hum;
Voices of dogs and children come;
Till, loud and long, the Muedzin's cry,
From Omar's mosque, peals round the sky.

XIV.

Blight through their veins those accents send—
In agony of mute despair,
Their garments as by stealth they rend;
They pluck unconsciously their hair;
—This is the Moslem's hour of prayer!
'Twas Judah's once—but fane and priest,
Altar and sacrifice have ceased.

XV.

And by the Gentiles in their pride
Jerusalem is trodden down;
—" How long? for ever wilt thou hide
Thy face, O Lord! for ever frown?
Israel was once thy glorious crown,
In sight of all the heathen worn;
Now from thy brow indignant torn.

XVI.

" Zion, forsaken and forgot,
Hath felt thy stroke, and owns it just;
O God, our God! reject her not,
Whose sons take pleasure in her dust:
How is the fine gold dimm'd with rust!
The city, throned in gorgeous state,
How doth she now sit desolate!

XVII.

" Where is thine oath to David sworn?
We by the winds like chaff are driven:
Yet ' unto us a Child is born,'
Yet ' unto us a Son is given;'
His throne is as the throne of heaven—
When shall he come to our release,
The mighty God, the Prince of Peace?"

XVIII.

Thus blind with unbelief they cry;
But hope revisits not their gloom;
Seal'd are the words of prophecy,
Seal'd as the secrets of the tomb,
Where all is dark—though wild flowers bloom,
Birds sing, streams murmur, heaven above,
And earth around are life, light, love.

XIX.

The sun goes down; the mourning crowds,
Requicken'd, as from slumber start;
They met in silence here, like clouds—
Like clouds in silence they depart:
Still clings this thought to every heart,
Still from their lips escapes in sighs,
—" By whom shall Jacob yet arise!"

XX.

By whom shall Jacob yet arise?
—Even by the power that wakes the dead:
He, whom your fathers did despise,
He, who for you on Calvary bled,
On Zion shall his ensign spread—
Captives! by all the world enslaved,
Know your Redeemer, and be saved!

NOTES

TO THE TOMBS OF THE FATHERS.

THOUGH it is hoped that the preceding stanzas will be sufficiently intelligible to many readers, yet, for the information of others, a few brief notices, collected from the Travels of Sandys, Clarke, Jowett, and others, may be necessary.

VERSE ii.—In no part of the world are the Jews more degraded and oppressed than in Jerusalem, where, on the slightest pretence, and by the most remorseless cruelty, money is extorted from them:—for example, in 1824 Rabbi Mendel was dragged from his bed, with three of his inmates, and imprisoned till he had paid a fine, amounting to £37 sterling, on a charge of having left the street-door of his house open. Mr. Jowett says:—"I observed as we passed through the Jewish quarter, and upon many faces in most parts of Jerusalem, a timid expression of countenance, called in Scripture '*pining away.*' With a curiosity that desires to know everything concerning a stranger, there is, at the same time, a shrinking away from the curiosity of others." He adds, with regard to the Jews in this their native city:—"How truly is that threat accomplished, 'Thy life shall hang in doubt before thee, and thou shalt fear by day and night, and shalt have none assurance of thy life.'—*Deut.* xxviii. 66."

VERSE vii.—See Psalm xlviii. 1 to 5, and 12 to 13, also *Lamentations*, iv. 12. "The kings of the earth, and all the inhabitants of the world, would not have believed that the adversary and the enemy should have entered into the gates of Jerusalem." This was said of the destruction of the city by Nebuchadnezzar. On its second and irrecoverable destruction by Titus, Josephus says, that the Roman

General, on viewing the stupendous strength of its fortifications, exclaimed,—" We have surely had God on our side in this war, and it was none other than He who cast out the Jews from these strong holds; for what could the hands of men, and the force of machines, have otherwise done against these towers."

Verse viii. It is difficult, indeed impossible, after the abomination of desolation has for so many centuries been laying waste the Holy City, to ascertain its ancient boundaries. There is very little reason to believe that the localities of the Holy Sepulchre, &c., overbuilt with churches, and visited by pilgrims and travellers from all countries, are genuine; so utterly confounded by undistinguishing ravages have been the very heights on which " Jerusalem was builded as a city compact together." There is nothing that strikes the stranger with more astonishment than the magnificent situation of Jerusalem, with the mountains standing round about it, and adorned with mosques, churches and convents, as seen from a distance, and the contrast of meanness and misery within its narrow, dark, and filthy streets, thronged with squalid and motley inhabitants. The city of palaces seems converted into a den of thieves.

Verse viii.—The Mosque of Omar, a most superb structure, with its blue dome rising above all the adjacent edifices, stands on the very site of the demolished Temple of God. Within the court which surrounds it none but Mahometans, under pain of death or conversion to the faith of the false prophet, are permitted to enter. There is a tradition that the possession of the city depends upon the unviolated sanctity of this place. The miserable remnant of Jews, who yet linger about the hill of Zion, pay a tax for permission to assemble once a week (on Friday) to pray on the outside of this usurped seat of the true God, on a spot near the place where, it is said, that the holiest of holies in the ancient temple was built.

Verse ix.—The Valley of Jehosaphat, in which the kings of Judah, the prophets and the illustrious of old are supposed to have been

buried, lies to the east and north of Jerusalem. It is traversed by the brook Cedron, at the foot of the Mount of Olives; but depending for its stream upon the uncertain rains, the channel is frequently dry in the summer months. Here the Jews believe that the solemnity of the day of judgment will be held, on the authority of the prophet *Joel*, iii. 1 and 2. " For behold, in those days I will bring again the captivity of Judah and Jerusalem.—I will plead with them there for my people, and for my heritage Israel, whom they have scattered among the nations, and parted my land." The Valley of Hinnom is to the south; once a scene of beauty and fertility with its groves and gardens, but at the same time a scene of the most atrocious and bloody idolatry, when infants were sacrificed by their unnatural parents to Moloch. Josiah desecrated it by overturning the shrines, cutting down the groves, and burning the bones of the priests upon their own altars. The valley afterwards became the burying-place of the common people, and under the name of Tophet, a type of that place " where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched."

Verse xii.—Ichabod: that is, " Where is the glory?" or, " There is no glory." See 1 Samuel, iv. 21. " Jerusalem remembered in the days of her affliction and of her miseries all her pleasant things that she had in the days of old, when her people fell into the hands of the enemy, and none did help her; the adversaries saw her and did mock at her Sabbaths."—Lamentations, i. 7.

Verse xiii.—The Muedzins (*Muedhins*) are criers, with clear sonorous voices, who from the tops of the Mosques call the people together at the hours of worship.

Verse xv.—Mr. Jowett says:—" At every step coming forth out of the city, the heart is reminded of that prophecy accomplished to the letter—'*Jerusalem shall be trodden down of the Gentiles.*' All the streets are wretchedness; and the houses of the Jews more especially are as dunghills."

CHILDHOOD AND HIS VISITORS.

I.

Once on a time, when sunny May
Was kissing up the April showers,
I saw fair Childhood hard at play
Upon a bank of blushing flowers;
Happy,—he knew not whence or how;
And smiling,—who could choose but love him?
For not more glad than Childhood's brow,
Was the blue heaven that beamed above him.

II.

Old Time, in most appalling wrath,
That valley's green repose invaded;
The brooks grew dry upon his path,
The birds were mute, the lilies faded;
But Time so swiftly winged his flight,
In haste a Grecian tomb to batter,
That Childhood watched his paper kite,
And knew just nothing of the matter.

III.

With curling lip, and glancing eye,
Guilt gazed upon the scene a minute,
But Childhood's glance of purity
Had such a holy spell within it,
That the dark demon to the air
Spread forth again his baffled pinion,
And hid his envy and despair,
Self-tortured, in his own dominion.

IV.

Then stepped a gloomy phantom up,
Pale, cypress-crowned, night's awful daughter,
And proffered him a fearful cup,
Full to the brim of bitter water:
Poor Childhood bade her tell her name,
And when the beldame muttered "Sorrow,"
He said,—"don't interrupt my game,
I'll taste it, if I must, to-morrow."

V.

The Muse of Pindus thither came,
And wooed him with the softest numbers
That ever scattered wealth and fame
Upon a youthful poet's slumbers;

Though sweet the music of the lay,
To Childhood it was all a riddle,
And " Oh," he cried, " do send away
That noisy woman with the fiddle."

VI.

Then Wisdom stole his bat and ball,
And taught him, with most sage endeavour,
Why bubbles rise, and acorns fall,
And why no toy may last for ever:
She talked of all the wondrous laws
Which Nature's open book discloses,
And Childhood, ere she made a pause,
Was fast asleep among the roses.

VII.

Sleep on, sleep on!—Oh! Manhood's dreams
Are all of earthly pain, or pleasure,
Of Glory's toils, Ambition's schemes,
Of cherished love, or hoarded treasure:
But to the couch where Childhood lies
A more delicious trance is given,
Lit up by rays from Seraph eyes,
And glimpses of remembered heaven!

TRANSLATION OF A CHORUS

FROM THE

PERSÆ OF ÆSCHYLUS.

I.

Atossa fair,
Princess of Persia's honour'd line!
Be thine the care
The due libations to consign,
Where earth's deep mansions are.
While we with suppliant anthems crave
The heralds of the peopled grave,
To grant our mystic prayer.

II.

Ye nether demons, dark and dread,
Hermes, Pluto, mightiest thou!
Yield from amidst your subject dead
Darius, at his people's vow!
For if our destin'd term of ill
Be hidden, unaccomplish'd still,
Of earth-born beings only he
May scan its dim extremity.

III.

Alas! doth he our sainted chief
Hear his children's wild lament,
Thrill'd in ecstasy of grief,
Mix'd with spells of dark intent?
Again the choral wail we rear,
But can the prison'd spirit hear?

IV.

Demons, who lead the grisly train
Of ghosts, within your waste domain,
Speed, from the drear abodes of earth,
Him, Persia's God, of Susian birth;
Speed him, the noblest and the best,
On whom the graves of Persia rest.
We wept him, o'er yon marble weep,
Where, veil'd in death, his virtues sleep.

V.

List, Aidoneus! hither bring
Him our brave, our blameless king;
He from his realms averted far
The curses of wide-wasting war:
" A God in counsel" Persia hail'd
Her king, nor vain was Persia's boast;
His god-like counsels long avail'd
To guide, unscathed, his loyal host.

VI.

Come, thou king, thou king of days,
Here thy honoured spectre raise!
On yon tomb's impending verge
Let thy saffron sandal rest!
Let thy turbaned brow emerge,
Nodding with its royal crest!
King Darius, from the grave
Listen, and save!

VII.

Lord of Persia's lords appear!
Woes unknown, unnumber'd hear!
Styx hath wound her thickest gloom
Round Persia's state, her youths' spring-bloom
Blasted by one unsparing doom!
Hither, then, our sire and friend,
Hither, thy healing presence bend.

VIII.

O thou, by Persia's tears deplor'd,
Say why this land beloved of thee,
Despite thy cares, her lineal lord,
Is doomed this twofold agony?
Her children reft,—her navy's pride
Whelmed, whelmed in the remorseless tide!

LINES

Written in Mrs. C————s' Album, in consequence of her having observed, that mental emotion increased her appetite.

" HAPPY the Fair who, here retir'd,
" By sober contemplation fir'd,
" Delight from Nature's works can draw;"
'Twas thus I spoke, when first I saw
Yon cottage—which, with chastest hand,
Simplicity and Taste have plann'd.
" Happy who, grosser cares resign'd,
" Content with books to feast the mind,
" Can leave life's luxuries behind:
" Content within this humble cell,
" With Peace and Temperance to dwell,
" Her food the roots, her drink the well.
" 'Twas thus of old;" but as I spoke,
Before my eyes what dainties smoke!
Not such as Eremites of old,
In many a holy tale enroll'd,

Drawn from forth their frugal hoard,
With nuts and apples, crown'd the board,
But such as, fit for paunch divine,
Might tempt a modern saint to dine.
But now, perceiving my surprise,
Which star'd confest through both my eyes,
To justify her wiser plan
The fair philosopher began:
" Young gentleman, no doubt you think"
(And here she paus'd awhile to drink)
" That all you've said is mighty fine,
" But wont you take a glass of wine?
" These cates, 'tis true, are somewhat curious,
" And for a hermit too luxurious;
" But those old fellows, Lord preserve us!
" Knew no such thing as being nervous,
" Else had they felt, what now I tell ye,
" How much the mind affects the belly;
" Whene'er the mind's alarm'd, oppress'd,
" Surpris'd, elated, or distrest,
" The body feels in equal measure
" A sympathy of pain or pleasure;
" Sorrow's indeed, beyond all question,
" The best specific for digestion,

" Which, if with moderate force it rages,
" A chicken or a chop assuages,
" But, to support some weightier grief,
" Grant me, ye gods! a round of beef!
" These are my tenets—and in me
" Practice and principle agree:
" See, then, beneath this roof combin'd
" Food for the body and the mind;
" A couplet here, and there a custard,
" While sentiment by turns and mustard
" Bedew with tears the glistening eye;
" Behold me now with Otway sigh,
" Now revelling in pigeon pie,
" And now, in apt transition taken
" From Bacon's works, to eggs and bacon!"
Dear Mrs. C——, this wondrous knowledge
I never yet have learnt at College,
You are my tutoress—would you quite
Confirm your wavering proselyte,
I ask but this—(to show your sorrow
For my departure hence to-morrow,)
Add to your dinner, for my sake,
One supernumerary steak.

A BALLAD.

THE fact, on which the following Ballad is founded, is historical, and runs thus:—

The Earl of Traquair, during the troubles of Charles I., remaining faithful to his master, sent one William Armstrong with dispatches to the king, which he performed; but, on his return with a written answer, having advanced as far as Carlisle, he was surrounded by troops (sent by the Commonwealth to intercept him) while in the act of crossing the bridge over the Eden, then in flood. He however leaped the parapet into the river, gained the northern bank and fled, closely pursued to the Eske, which he swam, and, emboldened by being on Scottish ground, turned and invited his enemies to come over and drink with him.*

O WILLIE—he saddl'd his milk-white steed,
And mounted himsel to ride,
And blithely he pass'd the Eske water,
And he pass'd the English side.

And fast he rade merry Carlisle by,
And by Penrith rade he fast,
Nor rest did he, till to King Charlie
He safely came at last.

* Vide a Note to a Ballad called "Christie's Will," Minstrelsy of Scottish Border, vol. iii. p. 109.

He has gi'en him there a braid letter,
Ere he loos'd his bridle rein,
And he's charg'd wi' another for gude Traquair,
And he boun'd him back again.

But the warden has dight his armor bright,
And an hundred riders ta'en,
And he sware by his fay, that Willie that day
Suld be grippit there, or slain.

O Willie—he pass'd fair Carlisle's wa',
And to cross the brigg he gan,
When before him he saw those merryman a',
And beneath him the water wan.

The Eden was braid, and the brigg it was high,
But he plung'd him in the stream,
He plung'd him in wi' his milk-white steed,
Where it flow'd frae bank to brim.

O stoutly swam that bonny white horse,
But the river was wide and strang,
And before he wan the Stanhouse banks
But he was well nigh dang.

For his rider's cloak weigh'd the gude steed back,
Sae drippingly it hung:
But Willie has cutten baith loop and band,
And safely to land has sprung.

They chas'd him by dale, they chas'd him by lea,
But nothing might they gain,
For aye before all o' their companie
He rade wi' slacken'd rein.

He swam thro' the Eske, though it ran like a sea,
And he gain'd the Scottish side,
And he turn'd him about to the Warden's rout,
And thus to the Captain he cried:

" I have ridden all free thro' your south countree,
" And water I've tasted o' thine,
" But gin thou'lt come over, and drink wi' me,
" I'll gie thee the red, red wine."

ON A DAUGHTER

WHO DIED AFTER A FEW HOURS' ILLNESS.

I.

THE wise have taught that mortal man is like the tender flow'r,
Which blossoms now, and now is cropp'd, and withers in an hour;
That beauty fades, that health decays, that life is but a span,
Oh, true indeed, it proved with thee, my lovely Mary Ann!

II.

Yet who takes warning from the voice, that tells us all is frail?
Or who, until he feels the truth, will listen to the tale?
I saw the bloom upon thy cheek, the sparkle in thine eye,
And little, little did I think, the Spoiler was so nigh.

III.

The hair upon my head, I knew, was turning fast to gray,
And many a furrow in my face was deeper day by day;
I knew the time was hastening on when Death would call on me,
But little thought, my Mary Ann, to see him seize on thee!

IV.

Oh! thou wert blooming as the flower that blossoms first in May,
And thou wert lively as the lark that welcomes in the day,
And thou wert beauteous as the bow that shines amid the shower,
And thou wert fleeting like the bow, and fragile like the flower.

V.

As full of promise, full of life, and full of hope wert thou,
As youthful buds, beneath the sun, expanding on the bough;
And like the frost that comes at night, and nips the opening bloom,
Came death, to blast thy father's hopes, and bear thee to the tomb!

VI.

How lovely were thy glowing cheeks, that match'd the rose's hue,
How beautiful thy summer orbs, of deep celestial blue,
Thy polish'd brow, and graceful arch, that guarded either eye,
And glossy locks that clustered with the raven's darkest dye!

VII.

And lovely were those ruby lips, that I was wont to kiss,
And lovely was the smile they wore of sweetness and of bliss,
And pleasant 'twas to hear thy tongue, as cheerfully it ran,
Thy father's heart was proud of thee, my sweetest Mary Ann!

VIII.

The morning look'd upon thee, love, and saw thee glad and gay,
The evening found thee chill and pale, to swift disease a prey,
And, ere the golden sun again his joyous course began,
Those eyes were closed for evermore, my darling Mary Ann!

IX.

Thy mother sate and tended thee, through all that anxious day,
Thy father—oh! it wrings my heart—was long and far away;
I was not by to soothe thee, dear, or check thy hurrying fate,
Too late that night was my return, too late, alas! too late!

X.

Thine eye, that used to brighten so, thy father's face to see,
Had hardly now the power to raise a kindly glance on me;
Thou scarcely heardst thy father's voice, as o'er thy bed he hung,
No smile was on thy languid lip, no welcome on thy tongue.

XI.

My child, my child, my Mary Ann! how sad it was to see
Thy health, thy life, thy loveliness, departing thus from thee;
One moment's struggle at the last, one sob, and all was o'er,
Thy gentle heart had ceased to beat—my daughter was no more.

XII.

Yet was there, in that mournful hour, that left so deep a wound,
A peacefulness, a holiness, diffused on all around:
Without complaint thou hadst endured that quick and painfu waste,
And hallowed by thy presence, seem'd the moments as they past.

XIII.

But He who gave,—has taken back:—I bow to His decree:
But oh, my child, my Mary Ann, I still must weep for thee!
I bow:—submission is the part of frail and feeble man,
But oh, I still must weep for thee, my child, my Mary Ann!

ON GOOD FRIDAY:

"MY GOD, MY GOD, WHY HAST THOU FORSAKEN ME?"

NOT from the crown of thorns, whose points distain'd
The brow of him, anointed of the Lord;
Not from the blasphemous revilings, blown
From lips of scornful infidels, and keen
With bitterness of hate; not from the cross,
Tho' scene of ignominy, pain and death,
Those sorrows do I estimate, which erst,
For fallen man's salvation, Christ endured:
But from that awful moment, when the Son
Felt as forsaken of the Father, felt
As tho' th' indissoluble had sustain'd
Strange dissolution; the essential one,
Miraculous division. Then it was
The Saviour show'd how deep our fall, how strong
The bonds of our captivity, how high
The price of our redemption.—O, my soul!
Muse on that awful moment, till a sense
Of sin's exceeding sinfulness be wrought

Into thy very nature; till thou shrink'st
With livelier instinct, more abhorrent fear,
From that which nail'd thy Saviour to the cross,
Than from the everlasting fires of hell:
Muse on that awful moment,—till a flame,
A flame of heav'n-descended rapture, fall
Upon the incense of thy gratitude,
And raise the kindled offering to thy God.

STANZAS

WRITTEN AT BOULOGNE.—1816.

Beauteous o'er the dark blue sea
Thy cliffs, O Albion, rise;
And beauteous on their heights the sun
Shines from these azure skies.
And while I gaze I feel a tear
From secret rapture start,
And joy, sweet quickener of the pulse,
Play round my beating heart.

And why?—It is not that the seas
Around thee winding play,
For I have seen the billows lave
Genova's oliv'd bay;
'Tis not thy skies, for I have seen
Italian suns descend;
'Tis not thy lakes, for I have been
Where Como's waters bend;

'Tis not thy hills, for I have strayed
Where Alpine mountains soar;
'Tis not thy streams, for I have heard
The Simplon's torrents roar;
Nor is it that the silver Thames
Winds through thy verdant dales,
For I have roam'd where Rhetian hills
Hang o'er Hesperian vales.

No, Albion! 'tis a moral charm
Endears thee to my sight;
For on thy plains my infant eyes
First opened on the light:
The air, my sportful childhood breath'd,
Along thy valleys blew:
And nature first within thy glens
Entranc'd me with her view.

And there are found the faithful friends
Whom most my heart approv'd;
And there the sacred ashes rest
Of those I most have lov'd;
And there the hallow'd temples rise
Of Him whom I adore;
And there in quiet stray the flock
I feed with sacred lore.

Rise, then, O glittering star of morn,
  Nor you, ye breezes, fail;
And to the sun, O welcome bark,
  Expand thy shining sail!
Hesperian suns, Helvetian hills,
  Gay fields of France, adieu!
To me my native plains possess
  A charm unknown to you.

THE FIRE-FLY.

THERE is a beetle, that, when evening comes,
Small though he be, and scarce distinguishable,
Like evening clad in soberest livery,
Unsheaths his wings, and through the woods and glades
Scatters a marvellous splendour. On he wheels,
Blazing by fits as from excess of joy,
Each gush of light a gush of ecstasy.*
Nor unaccompanied; thousands that fling
A radiance all their own, not of the day,
Thousands as bright as he, from dusk till dawn,
Soaring, descending.
In the mother's lap
Well may the child put forth his little hands,
Singing the nursery-song he learnt so soon;†
And the young nymph, preparing for the dance,
By brook or fountain side, in many a braid
Wreathing her golden hair, well may she cry,

* "Per letiziar lassù fulgor s'acquista."
Dante.

† There is a song to the lucciola in every dialect of Italy.

" Come hither;" and the shepherds, gathering round,
Shall say, " Floretta emulates the night,
Spangling her head with stars."*
Oft have I met
This shining race, when in the Tusculan groves
My path no longer glimmered; oft among
Those trees, religious once, and always green,
That yet dream out their stories of old Rome
Over the Alban Lake; oft met and hailed
Where the precipitate Anio thunders down,
And through the surging mist a poet's house
(So some aver, and who would not believe?)
Reveals itself.†

* Io piglio, quando il dì giunge al confine
Le lucciole ne' prati ampj ridotte,
E, come gemme, le comparto al crine;
Poi fra l' ombre da' rai vivi l' interrotte:
Mi presento ai Pastori, e ognun mi dice:
Clori ha le stelle al crin come ha la notte.
Varano.

† I did not tell you that just below the first fall on the side of the rock, and hanging over that torrent, are little ruins, which they show you for Horace's house, a curious situation to observe the

Præceps Anio, et Tiburni lucus et uda
Mobilibus pomaria rivis.
Gray's Letters.

Yet cannot I forget
Him, who rejoiced me in those walks at eve,
My earliest, pleasantest; who dwells unseen,*
And in our northern clime, when all is still,
Nightly keeps watch, nightly in bush or brake,
His lonely lamp rekindling. Unlike theirs,
His, if less dazzling, through the darkness knows
No intermission; sending forth its ray
Thro' the green leaves, a ray serene and clear
As Virtue's own.

* The glow-worm.

ON THE

AMORINO OF THE VATICAN.

The Amorino is one of the most beautiful of Grecian Statues, and, unlike the ordinary race of smirking Cupids, has a remarkably pensive expression of countenance.

IMMORTAL specimen of Grecian art,
On thee for ever could I fix mine eyes,
So much of breathing soul dost thou impart,
And chain'st up all the body's faculties
In the mind's rapture—not the idle smart
Dost thou awake, that in a moment dies,
But feeling, such as glow'd in Sappho's heart.
No boy art thou of dimples, smiles, and lies,
As oft the poet sung, the painter drew;
But thought profound, and passion in its prime,
Sit on thy brow, and show devotion true,
Unchang'd, unchangeable, by force or time.
All that is great is serious—this he knew
Who made thee thus—and thus is love sublime.

ON THE

APOLLO OF BELVIDERE.

How like a god art thou! of mortal make,
Yet more than mortal in thy step and mien;
Bloodless—yet breathing,—marble—yet awake!
Conquest is on thy lip, yet hath it been
A wreath that cost thee but the will to take.
Oh! splendid image of a power unseen!
To look on thee is wisdom—virtue—all
That sages taught in grove, or sculptur'd hall.
For, as we gaze, th' expanding soul takes flight,
Soaring from earth to cloudless realms on high;
And, henceforth half ætherial, learns to slight
The meaner things that catch the vulgar eye;
In lovelier objects only finds delight,
All that is great, and pure, and beautiful, and right.

ON THE

MONUMENT OF CECILIA METELLA.

Is this that Appian way—so proud of yore,
Proud of its trophies rear'd on either side—
The street of tombs like palaces, that bore
The titles of the mighty; those who died
For Rome, or living were their country's pride?
What Rome believ'd eternal is no more;
Dust are the marble piles, the sacred fanes,
And dark oblivion guards the voiceless plains.
Yet, midst the wreck of grandeur, wealth, and power,
A single tomb, a single name, remains
To soothe the wanderer in his thoughtful hour;
Untouch'd, unshaken, stands Cecilia's tower:—
Rapine, and war, and time could all remove,
All—but the record of domestic love!

FREE TRANSLATION

OF

FRAY LUIS DE LEON'S ODE TO RETIREMENT.

FROM THE SPANISH.

I.

How happy is his tranquil life,
Who flies a world of cares and strife,
To tread the path, remote and lone,
To steps of musing sages known!

II.

Who heeds not grandeur's high estate,
Nor, envying, turns to contemplate
The gilded dome's majestic pride,
Where fam'd Alhambra's sons reside;

III.

Who seeks not to enrol his name
Upon the partial lists of Fame;
And scorns, in Flattery's smooth disguise,
To yield a sanction Truth denies.

IV.

Can the vain honours of a day
Ambition's toiling sons repay,
When, having gain'd the giddy height,
Such doubts perplex, such cares affright?

V.

O, breezy mountain! rill and stream!
Scenes of my childhood's happy dream!
For thy secure, thy calm retreat,
I'll leave a world of vain deceit,—
Guide my way-worn bark to thee,
Nigh lost on that tempestuous sea.

VI.

Unbroken slumbers,—calm delight,—
Be mine,—with hours serenely bright;
Pure, peaceful hours, that softly glide,
Unvex'd by scorn, unhurt by pride.

VII.

The birds, with untaught music sweet,
Shall wake me in my lov'd retreat,—
Not the disturbing cares which wait
On the vex'd followers of the great.

VIII.

Alone, secluded, let me live,
And taste the blessings heav'n may give,
From love secure—suspicions—fears—
Vain hopes and disappointments—tears.

IX.

My orchard on the green hill side
Is all my own, and all my pride;
There—Spring's first early shoots appear,
Sweet promise of the fruitful year;

X.

And Autumn's sunny treasures spread
In gay profusion o'er my head;
From the high summit of the hill
Comes hurrying down a sparkling rill

XI.

Precipitate;—then, gentler grown,
Its silver current wanders on
Beneath the green, o'er-arching bowers,
Fresh'ning the verdure and the flowers.

XII.

A thousand odours fill the breeze:
And the soft roaring of the trees
So lulls the soul—that wealth and power
Fade from remembrance in that bower.

XIII.

Enjoy your treasures! ye who brave
For gold dark ocean's stormy wave;
I view not *here* the hopeless grief
Which sees all lost beyond relief.

XIV.

When the frail barks are tempest-driven,
Their anchor gone, their tall mast riven,
When direful tumult rends the skies,
And the fell sea demands her prize!

XV.

O! better is the humble fare
Which sweet peace seasons, free from care;
Let wealth be theirs who dare confide
In fortune's smile or ocean's tide.

XVI.

And while they toil, in long pursuit,
T' obtain at last the golden fruit,
I, in the summer shade reclin'd,
Will carol free and unconfin'd.

XVII.

I, free, reclined in summer shade,
Where laurels their green branches spread,
Catch the soft sounds of Wisdom's lyre,
As heavenward the notes aspire.

MARY, MY ROMANCE IS OVER.

MARY, my romance is over,—
I'm no lunatic nor lover,
I'm a sober household man;
Pay my tradesmen—when I can;
Order dinner, scold my cook,
Keep a long, lean, weekly book;
Tell acquaintance, when they come,
" Mrs. ————'s not at home;"
Date events—with perfect phlegm—
" Just before I married,—hem!"
This is true, and you must know it,
Yet you think I am a poet!
Poets breathe no air but sighs,
See no lights but ladies' eyes;
Hear no music but the whisper
Of some pretty pouting lisper;
Feel no warmth but when they press
Timid hand in mute caress;

Taste no sweets but when they sip
From the honey of the lip:—
All that through their sense doth pass,
Passeth thro' a magic glass:
All doth suffer a *love* change
" Into something rich and strange!"
Roses are their lady's cheek;
Pearls her teeth, when she does speak;
Violets, her eyes of blue,
And her tears, their drops of dew:—
Stars, of woman's passion tell,
Stainless and unquenchable;
All around, below, above,
Is an element of love:—
They behold, in earth and skies,
One Eve-haunted Paradise!
What should I in such a train?
I can never love again;
I the death of Love have seen,
At Love's funeral have been.
In his childish gambolling,
He was peeping thro' a ring,—
Put his head thro',—and the toy
Choked the little heedless boy.

Slowly to the church we bore him,
Solemn service was read o'er him:—
'Twas a quaint and antic sight;
Maiden mourners, mourned in white;
And the bells, with merry toll,
Pealed a requiem to his soul.
One whole month for Love I wept,
One whole month his *mourning* kept:
Fast the precious moments hurried,—
Love, alas! was dead and buried;
So I dried my tears, and then—
Ventured to the world again.
Now the magic spell is done,
I can fly, or I can run;
Walk, and eat, and drink, and sleep;
Seldom sigh, and never weep;
Do whate'er I have to do;
Find my senses tell me true;
Taste and smell, and hear and see,
All things as they ought to be.
Cheeks are cheeks, and hair is hair;
Dark is dark, and fair is fair;
Weeds are weeds, and posies, posies;
Thorns are thorns, and roses, roses.

Pretty ladies may be silly,
Tho' their skin be like the lily;
Pretty voices better mute,
Tho' as sweet as any lute.
Now I look for sense and reason,
All things else are out of season.
I am growing old—I show it;
How, then, can I be a poet?

TO A LADY,

With a Wreath of White Roses, made of feathers, sent to the Writer from a Nunnery in the Island of St. Michael.

I.

WHERE summer's cloudless sunbeam smiles
Resplendent on the Falcon Isles,*
Waking, with momentary ray,
Fresh diamonds from th' Atlantic spray;
Where zephyrs, wing'd with sweets like bees,
Sport mid the clust'ring orange trees;
Where flow'rs like gems, and birds like flow'rs,
Glance thro' the vineyard's loaded bow'rs;—
There sits the cloister'd nun, and weaves
Her feath'ry wreath of buds and leaves.

II.

Oh! is it not a blissful task
Beneath those sunny groves to bask,

* The name of Azores was given to these islands collectively, on account of the number of hawks and falcons found on them.

To gaze upon the unclouded sky,
To feel the fragrant breeze sweep by,
And from the loveliest things of air
The loveliest things of earth prepare?
It were meet task, so light and gay,
For Grecian grace or Gothic fay,
Venus to deck, or Oberon:
Such work had tricksy Ariel done,
" Under the blossom" i' the sun.

III.

Why, then, where plumes and flow'rets glow
Like setting suns on Alpine snow,
Where the bright hues from earth that spring,
Scarce match the parroquet's red wing,—
Why from this land of rainbow bloom
Yon pallid rose's pensive gloom?
Yon jasmine's cold and paly star?
Yon myrtle, dark and regular?
Why, but her cheerless fate to tell,—
The prison'd maid in convent cell,
Who wove the stainless wreath so well;
Wishing she too had wings to try
The untasted breath of liberty.

IV.

Yet may this pallid garland now
Steal livelier grace from beauty's brow:
Go, place it on thy nut-brown hair,
Just waving o'er thy forehead fair;
And let it catch the rays that dart
Thro' those blue portals from thy heart;
And let it catch the blush, that speaks
The mind's soft feelings on thy cheeks;
And let it catch the smile, that tells
Where gaiety with sweetness dwells;—
Then not the brightest rose shall shine
More lovely or more pure than thine.

THE

SPARTAN MOTHER,

ON THE DEATH OF HER SON.

I.

My Son! not a tear shall be shed,
Tho' my heart be as dark as thy grave:
To weep would dishonour the dead—
For Greece hath no tears for the brave!

II.

In thy fall thou hast triumph'd, my Son!
And all Sparta has conquer'd with thee;
The race of thy glory is run—
But thy Country, thy Country is free!

III.

When thy hand gave thy father his shield—
As he left his last kiss on thy brow
He said, " I go forth to the field—
But for Greece and for glory live thou!

IV.

" Yet if Hellas her hero should claim,
Oh! remember thy breast is her wall!"
He said—and he went to his fame—
He fell—as a Spartan should fall!

V.

And when years had brought strength to thine arm,
And I gave thee the sword of the slain,
I felt not a moment's alarm—
But I arm'd thee myself for the plain.

VI.

As I braced on thy helmet, I smiled
At the valour that flash'd from thine eye:
I gave thee no lessons, my child—
I knew that thou *never* could'st fly!

VII.

Away with each whisper of woe!
Thou hast met with the fate thou hast braved,
But thy feet were not turn'd from the foe,
And thy Sparta, thy Sparta is saved!

THE CRITIC.

I.

Oh! is there not one, whose unfortunate mind
No beauties can feel and no merit can find?
Still ready with taste and with temper diseased,
To point out some cause, why I must not be pleased;
Who comes like the breath of December in June,
To chide me for thinking of summer too soon;
Who stops me, all glowing in ecstasy's season,
To wrap me in frost-work of critical reason.

II.

The poem—the picture—the song—I admire,
But meet his remark, and their beauties expire.
The prospect I open'd, the grove that I rear'd,
Delighted my eyes, 'till the Critic appear'd.
The whims and the pleasures, whose soft running stream
Would soothe with sweet music life's innocent dream,
Must haste from my view, like the visions of youth,
For it seems I must listen to reason and truth.

III.

Too late is full often this critical lore,
And tells me of faults I had sigh'd at before:
The blemish discovered gives pain to the mind,
And his be the praise, who new beauties can find:
Each object you visit with censure severe
May faultless to some happy mortal appear;
And shame on the taste, that, its skill to display,
Would chase the delusions of fondness away.

IV.

Dear fancy and sympathy! kindness and love!
I bow to your reason, all reason above—
Still sweeten my being, and soften its close,
And touch with your sunshine each scene as it goes.
Oh! show me each flow'ret my path may supply,
And the daisy shall please, when no roses are nigh;
More wise than the Critic, true bliss I may gain,
Nor be skilled in the art of ill-humour and pain.

EVIL, BE THOU MY GOOD!

MILTON'S SATAN.

" Evil, be thou my Good!" in rage
Of disappointed pride,
And hurling vengeance at his God,
The apostate angel cried.

" Evil, be thou my Good!"—repeats,
But in a different sense,
The Christian, taught by faith to trace
The scheme of Providence.

So deems the hermit, who forsakes
The world for Jesus' sake;
The patriot, midst his prison bars;
The martyr, at his stake.

For He, who happiness ordain'd
Our being's only end;
The God who made us, and who knows
Where all our wishes tend,

The glorious prize has station'd high,
On virtue's hallow'd mound,
Guarded by toil, beset with crime,
With danger circled round.

Virtue were but a name, if vice
Held no dominion here;
And pleasure none could feel, if pain
And sorrow were not near.

The fatal cup we all must drain,
Of mingled bliss and woe;
Unmix'd, the cup would tasteless be,
Or quite forget to flow.

Then cease to question Heaven's decree,
Since Evil, rightly view'd,
Is but the tribute nature pays
For universal Good.

THE SECOND TEMPLE.

" And the desire of all nations shall come, and I will fill this house with glory," saith the Lord of Hosts.

When, on the Second Temple's height,
The Jew uprais'd his aged sight,
How sank his heart to see,
Robb'd of its ancient pomp and pride,
The house where deign'd on earth to abide
His God's own majesty!

No holy Urim there exprest
Heaven's purpose on the prophet's breast;
There the lov'd Ark no more,
On Mercy's seat, presented Him
Who dwelt between the cherubim
In Israel's tents of yore.

The consecrated fire was gone;
The announcing light no longer shone
Around that presence dread:

And oh! what pray'r could now invoke
The high prophetic voice that spoke
To Judah's happier dead?

Thus deem'd the sorrowing Israelite—
Ye Christians answer, deem'd he right?
Oh! for seraphic power
To flash conviction on the Jew,
And bid his soul exulting view
That Temple's holiest hour!

There shall the true oracular sound,
The Almighty voice of Christ, be found;
There shall the gracious Ark,
Blest by the bleeding victim, grant
A higher, ampler covenant
To worlds in error dark.

There shall the fire, which sprang from heaven,
Breathing the Holy Ghost, be given—
There, in the filial shrine,
Shall (as truth's awful records tell,)
The fulness of the Godhead dwell—
The Father's Glory shine.

Then, murm'ring Unbelief, be dumb—
Hark! the Great Prophet's accents come,
  The Spirit unconfin'd!
Yes, from the Second Temple burst
Sounds of more love than fill'd the first—
  Sounds of redeem'd mankind!

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

I.

WHAT sounds are these that sudden break
The silence of the midnight hour;
That seem of busy joy to speak,
While shades and sleep the world o'erpower?

II.

'Tis bells that ring, with merry chime
To usher in th' ensuing year—
And mark we then the flight of time
By sounds that wont the heart to cheer?

III.

Alas! how different feels to me
The thought of years renewed and flown!
O scenes of sorrow! that I see
Now come more fast, now nearer shown.

IV.

Hopes! Pleasures! to return no more!
Joys—blessings—hast'ning to decay—
And of my life's remaining store,
Another year—now torn away!

v.

Oh! rather let the deep Toll sound,
And hush this sprightly peal I hear,
Till a vain giddy world be found,
Like me, to start—and muse, and fear.

THE DAY-DREAM.*

THEY both were hush'd, the voice, the chords,—
I heard but once that witching lay;
And few the notes, and few the words,
My spell-bound memory brought away;

Traces, remember'd here and there,
Like echoes of some broken strain;—
Links of a sweetness lost in air,
That nothing now could join again.

Ev'n these, too, 'ere the morning, fled;
And, though the charm still linger'd on
That o'er each sense her song had shed,
The song itself was faded, gone;—

Gone, like the thoughts that once were ours,
On summer days, ere youth had set;
Thoughts bright, we know, as summer flowers,
Though *what* they were, we now forget.

* In these stanzas I have done little more than relate a fact in verse; and the lady, whose singing gave rise to this curious instance of the power of memory in sleep, is Mrs. Robert Arkwright.

In vain, with hints from other strains,
I wooed this truant air to come,—
As birds are taught, on eastern plains,
To lure their wilder kindred home.

In vain:—the song that Sappho gave,
In dying, to the mournful sea,
Not muter slept beneath the wave
Than this within my memory.

At length, one morning, as I lay
In that half-waking mood, when dreams
Unwillingly at last give way
To the full truth of day-light's beams,

A face,—the very face, methought,
From which had breath'd, as from a shrine
Of song and soul, the notes I sought,—
Came with its music close to mine;

And sung the long-lost measure o'er,—
Each note and word, with every tone
And look, that lent it life before,—
All perfect, all again my own!

Like parted souls, when, mid the blest,
They meet again, each widow'd sound
Through memory's realm had wing'd in quest
Of its sweet mate, till all were found.

Nor ev'n in waking, did the clue,
Thus strangely caught, escape again;
For never lark its matins knew
So well as now I knew this strain.

And oft, when memory's wondrous spell
Is talk'd of in our tranquil bower,
I sing this lady's song, and tell
The vision of that morning hour.

ODE TO THE RHINE.

To the original German Air.

THE Rhine! the Rhine! with voice and bugle loudly
The cheering pledge proclaim.—*bis.*
The Rhine! the Rhine! each German heart beats proudly
To hear thy sacred name.—*bis.*

Wak'd by the songs of thy prophetic daughters,*
Bright Chivalry arose;—*bis.*
And warriors, rear'd beside thy mighty waters,
Gave death to Roman foes.—*bis.*

The Rhine! the Rhine! pour forth his juice to cheer us,
Renown'd Teutonia's boast;—*bis.*
The drink sublime of Kaisers, knights and heroes,
On Europe's every coast.—*bis.*

* See Tacitus, De Mor. Germ.

The Rhine! the Rhine! in wine and war transcendant,
A blessing on the Rhine!—*bis.*
Hail, rock and tower, o'er purple vineyards pendant,
That teem with juice divine!—*bis.*

What comrade here is craz'd with love or thinking?
Fill, fill his glass again;—*bis.*
And sing Teutonia's deeds of war and drinking,
To chase away his pain.—*bis.*

Proclaim how Goetz, that old true-hearted German,
Could wield his iron hand;—*bis.*
How Roman blood, pour'd forth by patriot Herman,
Bedew'd our father-land.—*bis.*

The Rhine! the Rhine! once more with acclamation
Drink—" Freedom to the Rhine!"—*bis.*
May love and peace unite each Christian nation
That quaffs thy generous wine!—*bis.*

BALLAD TO AN OLD BERKSHIRE AIR.*

The wedding peal rang, and the blithe wedding band
From out the church portal came forth hand in hand;
I saw my false love, and my bosom I mann'd
With the pride of despair as I met her.

I deck'd out my cheek with a wan hollow smile,
Tho' a pang came across my fond heart all the while,
To think that I ever should treat her with guile,
Or wish to disdain and forget her.

With a brow gay and courteous, the bride did I greet,
And proffer'd a nosegay of flowers so sweet;
O could I that moment have died at her feet!
But alas! I must live and forget her.

* The few incidents of this Ballad, as well as the two last lines and the melody, were derived from the humble authority of an old nurse, whose deficiencies of memory the writer has attempted to supply.

They past on rejoicing, and left me alone,
And I sat myself down on the cold marble stone,
My anger had fled, and my strength was quite gone,
And I strove, all in vain, to forget her.

That form's fairy lightness still floats on my eye,
Like the soft summer cloud in yon evening sky;
And her voice of sweet music still seems to reply,
As oft as I swear to forget her.

That gentle dark eye that look'd on me so kind,
Did I think it could ever disguise a base mind?
Could falsehood a home on those smiling lips find?
But she's gone, and my heart must forget her:

I scorn for a false one to murmur or weep,
But beneath yon dark yew-tree I'll make my bed deep,
And soon I'll lie down in't and take a long sleep,
For that's the best way to forget her.

THE CRABSTOCK.

AIR—THE SHAMROCK.

THROUGH Britain's Isle as Hymen stray'd
Upon his ambling pony,
With Buller sage in wig array'd,
His legal Cicerone,
To them full many a spouse forlorn
Complain'd of guineas squander'd,
Of visage torn, and breeches worn;
And thus his godship ponder'd:
Oh! the Crabstock!
The green immortal Crabstock!
I'll secure a lasting cure
In England's native Crabstock!

With magic wand he struck the earth,
And straight his incantation
Gave that same wholesome sapling birth,
The husband's consolation.

" Dispense," quoth he, " thou legal man,
" This new discover'd treasure,
" And let thy thumb's capacious span
" Henceforward fix its measure;"
Oh! the Crabstock!
The green immortal Crabstock!
Long essay'd on jilt and jade
Be Buller's magic Crabstock!

The olive-branch, Minerva's boon,
Betokens peace and quiet,
But 'tis sage Hymen's gift alone
Can quell domestic riot.
For 'tis a maxim long maintained
By statesmen and logicians,
That peace is most securely gain'd
By vig'rous politicians.
Oh! the Crabstock!
The green immortal Crabstock!
The sturdy shoot quells all dispute,
The wonder-working Crabstock!

In idleness and youthful hours,
When graver thoughts seem stupid,

Men fly to rose and myrtle bowers
To worship silly Cupid;
But yok'd for life and wiser grown,
Crop-sick of sighs and rhyming,
They haunt the Crab-tree bower alone,
The leafy shrine of Hymen.
Oh! the Crabstock!
The green immortal Crabstock!
Love bestows the useless Rose,
But Hymen gives the Crabstock.

THE ORIGIN OF ECHO;

OR

THE FORCE OF WOMAN'S LOVE.

AN ALLEGORY.

A DELL there was, with pine-clad hills around,
To which had travell'd yet no earthly sound—
Soft was each grassy bank and sloping lawn,
Where, unmolested, roam'd the sportive fawn.
It seemed like nature's solitude, so still,
Where nought was heard, not e'en the rippling rill;
'Twas there young Echo, heaven-sprung nymph, was born,
And left on life's bleak threshold all forlorn,
She held dumb converse with the sky, the air,
Or with whatever charm was scatter'd there
By nature's bounteous hand:—as yet no tone
Had struck her virgin ear; and all alone
Her language was internal; and her mind
Gave birth to thoughts within itself confin'd.

Yet, tho' undow'r'd with life's best wealth—a friend,
Whose feelings, fashion'd like her own, could blend
With hers to check the swelling tide of woe,
Or bid her joys in fuller current flow,
Still oft, in happy innocence, she smil'd,
And many an hour in gladsome play beguil'd.
For hers was not that solitude of woe
Which only social man is doom'd to know;
No petty cares, no worldly nothings press'd
On the light gladness of her bounding breast.
In virgin loneliness she ne'er had felt
How loving hearts in furtive rapture melt
When sigh for sigh is given, and kiss for kiss,
In hurried interchange of fleeting bliss,
And sweet forgetfulness that lovers part
When least they dream it, and when each fond heart
Would, like the woodbine, wither all alone,
Or, sever'd from its twin-pulse, turn to stone!
For bliss, remember'd in the hour of woe,
Is the worst pang afflicted man can know.
But she was ne'er on life's wild tempest tost,
No joy once bless'd her which she now had lost;
She could not feel that solitude of pain
Which maddens most in crowds the dizzy brain;

[er mind alone on Nature's charms had dwelt,
nd ne'er express'd the little it had felt.
uch was young Echo on a morn of spring,
/hen each plum'd warbler of the wood took wing;
/hen Nature's poorest outcast dared rejoice,
nd all creation seem'd to find a voice.
'was on that morn a hunter bent his way
'o where his home, 'mid distant forests, lay;
'o beaten path his doubting steps to guide,
[e roam'd at random, and on chance relied:
he sun rode high, and many a radiant beam
ainted the surface of the glassy stream
hat softly glided o'er its sandy bed,
nd wooed to follow where its current led.
.e spies at length, from out the tangled brake,
he slumb'ring waters of a silvery lake;
hat, like a mighty mirror, there display'd
s ever-changeful hues of light and shade.
'was sweet to see, in imag'd height, beneath,
he lightly-woven cloud's fantastic wreath,
nd gaze upon the sighing, trembling trees,
iss'd by the wanton and seductive breeze,
nd own the dazzling sunbeam's genial glow,
hat seemed to gild the watery sky below.

It was a scene of loveliness;—and well
Might round his heart entwine its magic spell,
When e'en the trooping birds, that hovered by,
Seem'd near the surface of the lake to fly,
As tho' entranc'd their pictur'd forms to trace
In all their native loveliness and grace.
The hunter paus'd upon the watery brink,
And seem'd to catch some long-forgotten link
Of Memory's stretched, yet still extending, chain,
That call'd the buried past to life again.
Who has not hung o'er such a lake's clear glass,
And seen long-faded visions brightly pass,
And heav'd the sigh of passion unreprest,
And felt that anguish of the eye, confest
When slow, unbidden tears, a channel force
From out the bosom of their crystal source?
How sweet, when no strange look is there to trace
The feature-index of the speaking face!
But he was not unmark'd;—for one was there
That gaz'd in secret on his raven hair,
That own'd the tender softness of his eye,
And drank the dew-drops of his melting sigh!
In deepest solitude she drew her birth,
And ne'er had mingled with the sons of earth—

'Twas Echo—Heav'n-sprung nymph—that fervent gaze
The fever'd tumult of her soul betrays.—
She felt sensations all unknown, and strange,
Steal thro' her trembling frame; and tho' their range
Was not unpleasing, still her heart grew sad,
As tho' it were prophetic; and she had
No more that gay serenity of air
Which grac'd her when the hunter first came there;—
She felt a want she ne'er had felt before,
Yet knew not what it was—for small the store
Of her pure thoughts:—she ne'er had dreamt till then
That aught by her belov'd, could love again.
Hast thou e'er seen in dreamy hours of sleep,
While still the captivated senses keep
Their wakeful consciousness, that form appear
Thy heart has held extatically dear?
And hast thou, in that thrilling moment, heard
Fall from its lips of love some honied word,
While thou hast lain in speechless anguish there,
And all the horror of that wild despair
Which feels that it is voiceless, while the mind
Is almost madden'd by the thoughts confin'd
Within its chok'd volcano?—If thou *hast*
E'er felt such helplessness, oh! then what past

In Echo's soul will not be strange to thee,
Her prison'd thoughts were struggling to be free—
Her bosom show'd like ocean's surging breast;—
A snow-white, heaving surface—scarce represt.
At times its swelling waves would almost seem
About to burst their bounds, and you would deem
Such tumult could not last;—but as the rain,
In soft effusion, calms the troubled main,
So did a flood of timely tears allay
Her bosom's throbbing anguish; 'and a ray,
Which beam'd from out her streaming eyelids, told
That Hope was not in icy numbness cold.
But, mark! the youthful hunter's dream is past,
For, oh! it was a dream too fair to last.
'Tis ever so with Fancy—she beguiles
Her willing votaries with a thousand smiles,
Leads them with speed of thought thro' fairy realms,
Where unwoo'd pleasure every sense o'erwhelms,
And seems to show them earth's extremest land,
While on the self-same spot entranc'd they stand;
Till the fair vision melts in air away,
And rous'd Reality reclaims her sway;
And the poor victims all in vain look back,
On ecstasy that has not left a track!

'Twas so with him; his visioned trance was o'er,
And he was standing on the pebbly shore
Of that bright lake, where he had stood so long,
Nor sought the solace of his wonted song:
He sings at length; but hark! his ev'ry tone
Is doubled;—Echo makes his voice her own!
She knew no language, and as yet no sounds
Had pass'd her lips;—but Love can burst all bounds:
With new-born joy she heard the hunter's voice,
And imitated it;—yet scarce from choice;
For rapture snatch'd her every word along,
As she repeated, line by line, his song.
He paus'd,—and fondly thought the bow'r reveal'd,
That had till now her mimic lips conceal'd.
Then sought with speed the music-breathing spot,
And ah! what sorrow when he found her not!
"Ah! do not fly in fear away," he cried.
"Ah! do not fly in fear away," she sighed.
His prayer resounded from behind each rock,
As tho' she would his fond petition mock;
And when he spake unto the sky and air,
Her dulcet imitative voice was there.
While fancy gave to her an angel face,
A form of sylph-like symmetry and grace,

Toil-worn, at eve, he laid his weary head
On the rude pillow of a mossy bed,
And slept till morn's young blush had ting'd the skies,
Then, starting from his dreamy phantasies,
He calls on Echo in most plaintive strain;
Echo returns the self-same tones again.
For ah! she had no herald-words to send,
Ambassadors of thoughts that inly rend,
She understood not aught of all that fell
From his sweet lips, altho' she lov'd so well
To lisp his words, to her so undefin'd,
The mere harmonious spell of sounds combin'd.
Harass'd at length with his unceasing chase,
The hunter went his way, and not a trace
Of human steps was found in that still dell
For many a year; one might have deem'd a spell
Was thrown o'er Echo, while she nurs'd her grief
In silent sullenness that spurn'd relief.
Where Love first dawn'd on her she fix'd her seat,
Nor stray'd a moment from her lone retreat,
Hoping, perchance, to gaze on *him* again,
The source of passing joy, and lasting pain.
Alas! it was not so! the woodman's stroke
Was doom'd to fell each gnarl'd primæval oak;

And as the forest's falling monarchs groan'd,
With them she utter'd shriek for shriek, enthron'd
In haunts of mystery, till, compell'd to fly,
She wander'd—for her birth forbade to die—
In search of him she lov'd, thro' every grove,
Thro' every rocky glade resolv'd to rove.
She found him not, but, in her madness, thought
Each voice she heard the voice of him she sought.
Empires have vanish'd since the fatal day,
When o'er her bosom Love first fix'd his sway,
Gave her a voice, and taught her that each tone
That struck her fancy, she could make her own.
'Mid all the changes of succeeding time,
In secret she has roam'd thro' ev'ry clime,
And oft is heard on many an Alpine rock,
'Mid the wild elements' conflicting shock;
And oft on rugged Greenland's barren shore,
Wafting, now full, now faint, the billow's roar,
And mocking there the cry of some sad wife
That seeks upon the main her more than life,
And vainly strains her dizzy eyes to mark,
Struggling thro' mountain-waves, his shattered bark.
Responsive oft she sighs to Passion's tale,
In the still nook of some Peruvian vale,

Where rich ore glitters in the torrent's bed,
And spicy weeds their unbought perfumes shed.

Such is the force of love in woman's breast,
She knows no temporising path to rest:—
If unrequited, still, unchang'd in grief,
She seeks from busy cares no dull relief;
But still loves on, in life's throng'd scene remiss,
Scorning slight joys, where she had aim'd at bliss.

SONNET,

COMPOSED OFF ITHACA. 1820.

THE infant waves that lift our light caïque,
The western airs that indolently blow,
The cheerful prattle of the harmless Greek,
Heaven's blue above, and Ocean's green below;
The glorious sun, that fires both sky and sea,
Leucadia's love-devoted steep in sight,
Wild Ithaca extended on our lea,
Ætolia's mountains towering to the right;
Th' o'erpowering beauties of the scene and hour,
The recollections of the hallow'd past;
E'en kindling thoughts for Greece, possess no power,
To shed some sunshine o'er my soul at last!
In vain I roam, by ceaseless grief opprest,
And find, in change of scene, no joy, no rest.

STANZAS

COMPOSED IN THE GULPH OF LEPANTO. 1819.

I URGED a wanderer's hurried way,
To distance many a spectral thought;
I hoped fresh scenes with every day,
Would bring what drove me first to stray—
The peace which exile's gloom had cheaply bought.

One anodyne I cull'd for grief,
In every southern, sunny soil
From sympathy's pale modest leaf;
Whose balm infused a short relief
To a heart worn with sorrow's ceaseless toil.

In smiling Gallia's vine-clad land,
The only cheering scene I found,
Was every evening's village band;
Youth, age and childhood, hand in hand,
Urging, untired, their rustic dances round.

Where proud Chiaja's crescent bore
  The Lazzaroni's listless length,
'Twas not the vast majestic shore
Which sooth'd my bosom's festering core,
  But that calm form of happy, harmless strength.

I watch'd less sad the joyous Greek,
  Who daily chaunts his village songs,
Borne by our noiseless, smooth caïque,
And, while he nears his native creek,
  Carols, amid his outraged country's wrongs.

Man clings to man, in woe or weal;
  And bosoms, cold to selfish joy,
Are mercifully made to feel,
Through sorrow's triple plates of steel,
  The slightest touch of fancy's merest toy.

THE SLAVE SHIP.

Founded on the following fact:—"The case of the Rodeur, mentioned by Lord Lansdowne. A dreadful opthalmia prevailed among the Slaves on board this ship, which was communicated to the crew, so that there was but a single man who could see to guide the vessel into port."—*Quart. Rev.* vol. xxvi. p. 71.

"OLD, sightless man, unwont art thou,
As blind men use, at noon
To sit and sun thy tranquil brow,
And hear the birds' sweet tune.

"There's something heavy at thy heart,
Thou dost not join the pray'r;
Even at God's word thou'lt writhe and start"—
"Oh! man of God, beware!

"If thou didst hear what I could say,
'Twould make thee doubt of grace,
And drive me from God's house away,
Lest I infect the place."

" Say on; there's nought of human sin
Christ's blood may not atone."
" Thou canst not read what loads within
This desperate heart."—" Say on!"

" The skies were bright, the seas were calm,
We ran before the wind,
That, bending Afric's groves of palm,
Came fragrant from behind.

" And merry sang our crew, the cup
Was gaily drawn and quaff'd,
And when the hollow groan came up
From the dark hold, we laugh'd.

" For deep below, and all secure,
Our living freight was laid,
And long with ample gain, and sure,
We had driven our awful trade.

" They lay, like bales, in stifling gloom,
Man, woman, nursling child,
As in some plague-struck city's tomb
The loathsome dead are pil'd.

" At one short gust of that close air
The sickening cheek grew pale;
We turn'd away—'twas all our care—
Heaven's sweet breath to inhale.

" 'Mid howl and yell, and shuddering moan,
The scourge, the clanking chain,
The cards were dealt, the dice were thrown,
We staked our share of gain.

" Soon in smooth Martinico's coves
Our welcome bark shall moor,
Or underneath the citron groves
That wave on Cuba's shore.

" 'Twas strange, ere many days were gone,
How still grew all below,
The wailing babe was heard alone,
Or some low sob of woe.

" Into the dusky hold we gaz'd,
In heaps we saw them lie,
And dim, unmeaning looks were rais'd
From many a blood-red eye.

" And helpless hands were groping round
To catch their scanty meal;
Or at some voice's well-known sound,
Some well-known touch to feel.

" And still it spread, the blinding plague
That seals the orbs of sight,
The eyes were rolling, wild and vague,
Within was black as night.

" They dared not move, they could not weep,
They could but lie and moan,
Some, not in mercy, to the deep,
Like damaged wares, were thrown.

" We cursed the dire disease that spread,
And crossed our golden dream,
Those godless men did quake with dread
To hear us thus blaspheme.

" And so we drank, and drank the more,
And each man pledg'd his mate,
' Here's better luck, from Gambia's shore
When next we load our freight.'

" Another morn, but one—the bark
Lurch'd heavy on her way—
The steersman shriek'd, ' Hell's not so dark
As this dull murky day.'

" We look'd, and red through films of blood
Glar'd forth his angry eye:
Another, as he mann'd the shroud,
Came toppling from on high.

" Then each alone his hammock made,
As the wild beast his lair,
Nor friend his nearest friend would aid,
In dread his doom to share.

" Yet ev'ry eve some eyes did close
Upon the sunset bright,
And when the glorious morn arose,
It bore to them no light.

" Till I the only man, the last
Of that dark brotherhood,
To guide the helm, to rig the mast,
To tend the daily food.

" I felt it film, I felt it grow,
The dim and misty scale,
I could not see the compass now,
I could not see the sail.

" The sea was all a wavering fog,
The sun a hazy lamp,
As on some pestilential bog
The wandering wild-fire damp.

" And there we lay, and on we drove,
Heav'd up, and pitching down;
Oh! cruel grace of Him above,
That would not let us drown.

" And some began to pray for fear,
And some began to swear,
Methought it was most dread to hear
Upon such lips the prayer.

" And some would fondly speak of home,
The wife's, the infant's kiss;
Great God! that parents' ere should come
On such a trade as this!

" And some I heard plunge down beneath,
And drown—that could not I,
Oh! how my spirit yearn'd for death,
Yet how I fear'd to die.

" We heard the wild and frantic shriek
Of starving men below,
We heard them strive their bonds to break,
And burst the hatches now.

" We thought we heard them on the stair,
And trampling on the deck,
I almost felt their blind despair,
Wild grappling at my neck.

" Again I woke, and yet again,
With throat as dry as dust,
And famine in my heart and brain,
And—speak it out I must—

" A lawless, execrable thought,
That scarce could be withstood,
Before my loathing fancy brought
Unutterable food.

" No more—my brain can bear no more—
Nor more my tongue can tell,
I know I breath'd no air, but bore
A sick'ning, grave-like smell.

" And all, save I alone, could die—
Thus on death's verge and brink
All thoughtless, feelingless, could lie—
I still must feel and think.

" At length, when ages had pass'd o'er,
Ages, it seem'd, of night,
There came a shock, and then a roar
Of billows in their might.

" I know not how, when next I woke :—
The numb waves wrapp'd me round,
And in my loaded ears there broke
A dizzy, bubbling sound.

" Again I woke, and living men
Stood round—a Christian crew,
The first, the last of joy was then,
That since those days I knew.

" I've been, I know, since that black tide,
Where raving madmen lay,
Above, beneath, on ev'ry side,
And I as mad as they.

" And I shall be where never dies
The worm, nor slakes the flame,
When those two hundred souls shall rise,
The Judge's wrath to claim.

" I'd rather rave in that wild room
Than see what I have seen,
I'd rather meet my final doom
Than be—where I have been.

" Priest, I've not seen thy loathing face,
I've heard thy gasps of fear.—
Away—no word of hope or grace—
I may not—will not hear !"

THEODORE KÖRNER'S

SWORD SONG;

WRITTEN ON THE NIGHT PREVIOUS TO THE ACTION IN WHICH THE AUTHOR WAS KILLED.—AUGUST 26TH, 1813.

THOU Sword, my true companion!
Why flashest thou so bright?
Joy sparkles in thy living blaze,
I give thee joy to-night!
Hurrah!

"A gallant horseman wears me,
For him I shine so free,
Well may the trusty sword rejoice
A patriot's guard to be!
Hurrah!"

Yes, Sword! I strike for freedom,
And press thee to my side,
As though I had thy plighted troth,
My young and lovely bride!
Hurrah!

" Yes, Soldier! I have plighted
My loyal faith to thee—
My breast of steel, my heart of flame—
When shall our bridal be?
Hurrah!"

Loud peals the trumpet summons,
Our nuptial morn to greet;
When volleys forth the artillery's hail,
My bride and I shall meet!
Hurrah!

" O for that blest embracing!
I brook not thy delay.
When seek we both the battle's edge,
Which joins at break of day?
Hurrah!"

Yet rest thee in thy chamber,
My love, what wouldst thou here?
Yet rest awhile:—the stars wax pale,
The lingering morn draws near.
Hurrah!

" O haste, my warrior-lover;
See where Love's gardens bloom,
With every flower whose blood-red crest
Waves o'er the soldier's tomb!
Hurrah!"

Then speed thee from thy scabbard,
Light of the soldier's eye—
I come to claim thee for mine own,
In face of earth and sky.
Hurrah!

" Ha! brightly dance the sunbeams
Along each serried file,
And bright as marriage festival
Their flashing weapons smile!
Hurrah!"

Arise, each gallant horseman!
Rise, guardians of our land!
Wax your hearts faint?—let each man clasp
His lov'd one in his hand.
Hurrah!

But now, her stolen glances
  Shot faintly from my side ;—
Now to the right hand openly
  Doth God entrust the bride !
Hurrah !

Then press upon her burning cheek
  Your lips right solemnly,
And who deserts his wedded wife,
  Let him accursed be !
Hurrah !

Now, let your blades ring fiercely,
  'Till the light sparkles reel—
Red dawns in Heaven our bridal morn,
  Hurrah ! my spouse of steel !
Hurrah !

ON A PICTURE
OF
MISS LINLEY,
AT KNOWLE,
AFTERWARDS MRS. R. BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

FAIR Spirit! by thy cheek so fair,
Thy darken'd brow, and raven hair,
Thine eye so wild and bright!
It seems as if the ray of morn,
To shade its dazzling light, had torn
The trackless veil of night!

And could'st thou leave a wond'ring throng,
Bewilder'd with thy smile and song,
For Talent's wayward Son?
Yet say! could other fate be thine
Than mingle with a thing divine,
And be with Genius one?

ODE TO HOPE.

HENCE, ye Passions, foes to man,
Pining Envy, pale-ey'd Care,
Discontent, with aspect wan,
And thou, child of night, Despair.
Hence—for like the morn of spring,
On his many-colour'd wing,
Hope, the silver-mantled boy,
Lovelier than his sister Joy,
Flits before my ravished sight:—
Airy Spirit, stay thy flight,
Still with fragrance charm the air,
Still chaunt thy carol sweet, and wave thy golden hair.

When beneath the morning ray
Youth with swelling bosom hies,
Meet him on his early way,
Glad his heart, and fire his eyes,
While every pleasure still is new,
While only kindness meets his view.

Ere disappointment chill his heart,
Or envy aim the venom'd dart,
Bid before his glist'ning eye
Thy enchanting visions fly:
Soothe him with dreams of happiness,
For thou, and only thou, hast perfect power to bless.

When misfortune's whirlwinds rise,
When the nerves are rack'd by pain,
When in chains the captive lies,
When the lover meets disdain,
Who shall bring the wretch relief?
Shall soothe, if not subdue, his grief?
Hope, with laughter-loving eye—
Hope, descendant of the sky—
Hope, who, when o'er rebel man
Guilt and woe their reign began,
Sent by the sovereign Maker, came,
Like the bright bow of Heaven, to cheer his sinking frame.

Sweet Seducer, tell thy tale;
Mortals woo thee to deceive:
Though each treacherous promise fail,
Still we hear thee, and believe.

Ever painting with thy ray
To-morrow brighter than to-day,
Ever to the distant hill,
Gay with sunshine, pointing still,
Ere it come, with magic powers
Thou canst make the blessing ours,
And ere yet possession cloy,
Canst wake a new desire, and show a distant joy.

VERSES,

WRITTEN IN COMPLIANCE WITH A LADY'S REQUEST, TO CONTRIBUTE TO HER ALBUM.

They say that Love had once a book,
(The urchin loves to copy you,)
Where all who came a pencil took,
And wrote, perhaps, a word or two.

'Twas Innocence, that maid divine,
Who kept this volume bright and fair,
And watch'd that no unhallow'd line
Should ever find admittance there.

And sweetly did the pages fill
With fond device of loving lore,
Till every line she wrote was still
More bright than that she wrote before.

Beneath the touch of Hope how soft,
How swift the magic pencil ran,
Till Fear would come, alas! as oft,
And, trembling, close what Hope began.

A tear or two had dropp'd from Grief,
And Jealousy would now and then
Ruffle in haste a snowy leaf,
Which Love had still to smooth again.

But oh! there was a blooming boy
Who sometimes turn'd the pages o'er,
And wrote therein such lines of joy,
That all who read them wish'd for more.

And Pleasure was the spirit's name;
And tho' so soft his voice and look,
Yet Innocence, whene'er he came,
Would tremble for her spotless book.

For well she knew his rosy fingers
Were fill'd with sweet and wanton joys,
And well she knew the stain that lingers
After sweets from wanton boys.

And so it happ'd—one luckless night
He let his honey'd goblet fall
O'er the poor book, so fair and white,
And sullied lines, and marge, and all.

In vain he strove, with eager lip,
The honey from the book to drink,
But oh! the more the boy would sip,
The deeper still the blot would sink.

Oh! it would make you weep to see
The progress of the honey'd flood
Steal o'er a page where Modesty
Had freshly drawn a rose's bud.

And Fancy's emblems lost their hue,
And Hope's sweet lines were all defac'd,
And Love himself now scarcely knew
The lines that he had lately trac'd.

The index now alone remains
Of all the pages spoilt by Pleasure,
And though it bears some honey stains,
Yet Memory counts this leaf a treasure.

And oft, they say, she scans it o'er;
And oft, by this memorial aided,
Recalls those scenes, alas! no more,
And brings back lines which long had faded.

I know not if the tale be true,
But thus the simple facts are stated,
And I refer the truth to you,
For *Love* and *you* are near related.

TRANSLATION

OF A

ROMAIC FRAGMENT

UND BY THE TRANSLATOR IN THE GARDEN OF A GREEK MONASTERY IN THE STROPHADES.

THIS bower is sacred, not to thee,
Venus, tho' built of thine own tree;
Fair are the boughs that round me twine,
And sweet the breath of flow'ring vine,
But 'tis no place for joys like thine.

I hear the voice of the soft breeze
Drying his wings among the trees,
His wings are wet with ocean foam,
For o'er the sea from far he's come,
From Swiss, or cold Tyrolian cave,
Curling with toil the sluggish wave;
And must pursue his course anon
Towards the regions of the sun.
He's whispering softly to the grove,
Yet whispers not, methinks, of love.

'Tis true those deeper shades among
The turtle pours a plaintive song,
But, hastening to some home more dear,
The amorous turtle stays not here:
At morn she comes, and drops to rest
In the green isle, as in a nest;
But, ere the breezy hour of night,
The little traveller wings her flight,
To seek some fountain, shade, or glen,
Far from the murderous haunts of men:—
And may she find, where'er she goes,
Fountains, and shades, and soft repose.

This bower is sacred, not to thee,
Venus, tho' built of thine own tree;
Thoughts profane, and wanton jeer,
And mirth and riot come not here.
On holy ground in peace it stands,
Train'd by the care of holy hands,
And not a branch is round me spread,
And not a leaf is o'er my head,
But eyes of saints have rested there,
Eyes that look'd heavenward, mild in prayer.

LUKE LEDGER.

LUKE LEDGER is a man of fact,
His memory is so exact
For dates and circumstances,
He has it at his fingers ends
How many ice-pails Gunter sends
Per night to Almack's dances.

He knows what members pair or vote,
Is silent when the ladies quote
From Ivanhoe in raptures;
But knows as accurate as Scott
What printer sends it forth, and what
Old mottos head the chapters.

The miles that yawn 'twixt York and Staines,
The size of Crockford's window panes,
The fish that swim the Humber,
The measurement of Carlton Crag,
The tickets issued by Sontag,
No man like him can number.

What sort of baize surrounds your pew,
What iron forms your horse's shoe,
  What stakes support your hedge, or
What turnpikes stand 'twixt Slough and Bow,
Would you with accuracy know,
  Go learn it of Luke Ledger.

The reason of this power of thought,
In boyhood's hour, when Dilworth taught,
  My copy-book could state once—
"Great wits have little memories."
Learn, then, from premises like these,
  That little wits have great ones.

THE DEAD PIRATE.

" The wills above be done,
But I would fain die a dry death."—TEMPEST.

" The evening of the 30th June was tolerably calm; the blue land of Madeira appeared far in the distance, as the sun sank slowly beneath the waters of the west. The sea was subsiding after the gale of the preceding night, and the waters were rolling southward in long and foamy ridges. . . . . The body was of gigantic stature; the complexion of a swarthiness more peculiar to the natives of the New World than to those of the African continent, and the features singularly handsome and well-formed. Death had evidently been caused by violence, and that at no distant period, for there was a severe fracture of the skull, similar to that produced by the butt end of a musket, which had the appearance of recent infliction. From information received two days subsequently of an action having been fought off Cape ———, between one of our cruizers and a piratical schooner, in which the latter blew up, we concluded him to be one of the crew of that vessel."—*Journal of an Officer of H. M. S.* ———.

AWAY—away!—the ship rides fast
On the north wind's eagle wings,
Gracefully she bows her mast,
And onward, onward springs.

She weathers France's outmost bay
So gallantly and free,
And the mountain-waves of dark Biscay
Are dancing on her lee.

The morning sun rose proudly bright
On the graves of Trafalgar,
And the silver moon lay thron'd in light
On the rock of England's war.

Another morn—another noon—
Black, boundless roll'd the sea,
And lo!—beneath the rising moon
A dark speck on her lee!

'Mid dashing foam, and billow black,
Twin nurslings of the storm,
Why strains the eye along the rack?—
It *is* a human form!

Nearer it floats,—the heaving flood
Bestows a mimic life,
And the lip seems curl'd in savage mood,
And the arm seems raised for strife!

On the ghastly face, so foul and grim,
Is a dark and fearful stain,
And the green sea-weed has fetter'd the limb
That spurn'd at gyve and chain.

And those cold lips—they may not speak,
Or what would be their tale?
Of the lurking rock, or the sudden leak,
Of the light'ning, or the gale?—

Of the sudden pass from life to death,
As men in battle die:
Of the mighty swimmer's gurgling breath,
Struggling in agony?

Perchance, on ocean's restless seas
A pirate bold was he,
With a ship bearing on in the midnight breeze,
And a prize upon her lee!

Perchance, the red flag at his mast,
The Rover fir'd the train,
His surest refuge, and his last,
From gibbet, and from chain!

And the fearless crew, and the gallant ship,
That dashed away the brine
From her sturdy prow, as the reveller's lip
The bubbles of the wine!

Where are they now?—forgotten float
Strength, passion on the surge!
Ho! wear the vessel!—man the boat!
Give him a Christian's dirge!

And o'er the nameless, shroudless head,
Let the winding waters curl,
Deep pillow'd in a coral bed,
And sepulchred in pearl.

The peasant to the green-grass sod,
The pirate to the wave,—
What matter *whence* they meet their God,
The dark sea, or the grave?

His trumpet note shall pierce as deep
Thro' the caves of ocean's bed,
And the sea-washed bones shall start from sleep,
E'en as the coffined dead!

" On to the deck!"—along the yard
The rattling pulleys strain;
I would sooner face the red petard
Than hear that sound again!

On to the deck!—short shrift, short prayer,
That loathsome corse around,
But many an iron finger there
Points to a ghastly wound!

Short shrift, short prayer:—the double shot
Fast, fast to head and heel,
No winding shroud, no swathing cot,
He sank beneath the keel!

Hollow above him roll'd the surge
As on its way it broke,
Sullenly peal'd the solemn dirge,
That wind and billow spoke!

Away, away!—what recks it how?
Whence—when—that last, long sleep?
The why—the where?—he slumbers now
Full fifty fathoms deep.

Away,—away!—the ship bears on
The living from the dead,
And the green sea-wave, where her keel has gone,
Bounds o'er the Rover's bed!

TIME IS A TRAITOR.

TIME is a traitor, full of wiles,
Suspect his gifts, mistrust his smiles.
In early youth none seems so kind,
With brightest thoughts he cheers the mind,
Brings health, and strength, and beauty's grace,
To build the form, and deck the face.
Each rosy hour his gifts improve,
And all is hope, and joy, and love.
Wait but a little space, and lo!
This seeming friend becomes a foe;
For hope and joy, brings gloom and pain,
Each boon he gave he takes again.
The locks which dark and clust'ring lay,
His malice thins, and turns to gray.
No more the blushing roses know
The face where once they loved to glow.
The hand of Time, which paints the hue
On beauty's cheek, destroys it too.
As the stern spoiler onward steals,
E'en manly strength his rancour feels,

And one by one our blessings fall,
Like faded leaves at winter's call.
If thus with bland and trait'rous art
Time gladdens but to wound the heart;
To-day a friend, a foe to-morrow,
A fleeting joy, but lasting sorrow;
Be ours to guard against his wiles,
Distrust him most, when most he smiles,
And gain those friends whose love shall last
When earth is left, and time is past.

JOB.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THERE's a path to the fowl, as it flieth ne'er shown,
Unseen by the vulture's keen eye,
By the whelps of the lion untrodden, unknown,
Nor the fierce lion passeth it by.

There's an arm on the cliff, on the ice-crested brow,
By the roots that o'erturneth the mountains,
And cutteth the rocks where the fresh waters flow,
And bindeth the floods on their fountains.

But where is the path where shall wisdom be found,
And where, understanding, thy way?
Not the land of the living inherits that ground,
No price can its value repay.

A voice of the earth saith " it is not in me,"
" Not in me," saith a voice of the deep;
Not mines roof'd with gold can its purchase-price be,
Nor caves where the silver ores sleep.

Not the onyx, its price, nor the pearl-seeded main,
Of the coral no mention be made,
Nor thy topaz, oh! Ethiop, that gift can obtain,
Nor a crown with bright rubies array'd.

Whence then cometh wisdom? her dwelling proclaim,
Thy place, understanding, say where?—
Destruction and death say we heard of its fame,
But cannot its secret declare.

But God understandeth, oh Wisdom, thy birth,
God knoweth the man to whom given,
For he looketh at once to the ends of the earth,
And seeth the whole under heaven.

Thence he maketh a weight for the winds as they sweep,
Thence weigheth the waters by measure,
When he made a decree that controuleth the deep,
And stampt on the thunder his pleasure.

Then he search'd it, and saw it, and utter'd the word,
To man his high precept commanding,
" Behold that is wisdom, the fear of the Lord;
And from evil to fly, understanding."

SUNDAY EVE,

A FRAGMENT.

How sweet the country sabbath! sweet to pass,
While summer sunbeams gild the sacred eve,
Through rural scenes, and mark the cheerful troops
Scatter'd abroad in holiday attire:
These in the village church at morn have breath'd
Their grateful prayers, but offer homage now
No less acceptable, in verdant fields,
And open air, when the delighted eye
Rests on the loveliness of nature's face,
And the delighted heart relieves itself
By thanking God!

THE

JEW'S APPEAL TO THE CHRISTIAN.

CEASE, Christian, cease the word of scorn,
On Israel's name, on Judah's race;
Though lowly, humbled and forlorn,
He hath no home, no resting place;
Deem not the Hebrew's soul so dead,
So abject, that he cannot know,
Musing o'er Salem's glory fled,
The tear of shame, the pang of woe.

When by the streams of Babylon
Our captive exil'd fathers sate,
On high their tuneless harps were hung,
They could not sing—disconsolate
They mourn'd their lost Jerusalem,
Her hallow'd scenes of loveliness;
Their children too can weep with them—
They cannot sing for heaviness.

O! think upon the sever'd wave,
Obedient to the Prophet's word;
On that dread law Jehovah gave,
When Sinai trembled with the Lord.
Forget not those, our favour'd sires,
Led through the desert, bondage free,
By noonday cloud, and midnight fires,
Their guardian guide the Deity.

Boast ye of power, of glory won
By England's warrior chivalry?
Think, think of what our sires have done,
Of Gideon, David, Maccabee.
When Judah trod his lofty way,
Proud, fierce, and free; who then might dare,
Low crouching on his prostrate prey,
Rouse the young lion from his lair?

Vaunt ye of Britain rich and great?
Her beauties do ye fondly tell?
Such once was Sion's palmy state,
Fair were thy tents, O Israel!

Her merchants were the chiefs of earth,
Their vessels throng'd the Eastern sea;
And Salem gloried in the worth
Of Ophir, Indus, Araby.

Though changed, alas! not her's the doom,
Thus ever hopelessly to pine;
Our father's pitying God shall come,
And rear his lov'd, though wasted, vine.—
Were this a fond, an idle dream,
Our Prophet's sacred word were vain,
Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
The Beautiful, shall rise again.

Virgin of Israel! yet once more
Encircled by the choral throng,
Thou shalt lead forth the dance, and pour
To tabret note the merry song:—
Once more, once more, exultingly,
From holy Ephraim's mountain-ward,
Shall Jacob hear the watchman's cry,
"Arise! and let us seek the Lord!"

Daughter of Zion! raise the voice!
Clap the glad hand! belov'd, forgiv'n,
Thy fainting spirit shall rejoice,
Refresh'd, once more, by dews from heav'n.
The hand that held the iron rod
Shall wield the shepherd's crook, and prove
(Hear it, ye Isles!)—that Israel's God
Hath lov'd her with a father's love!

Cease, Christian, cease the word of shame
On Judah's race—on Israel's name.

IS LOVE A FRIEND OR FOE?

I.

"For thee what title shall I borrow,
Oh! tell me, Love, or friend or foe?
Thou source of every earthly sorrow,
Thou giver of all bliss below?

II.

"I've often doubted, were it better
Thee, Love, for ever to forswear,
Or think my heart must be thy debtor
For every joy it hopes to share."

III.

Fair Laura thus in bower was musing,
When lo! a youth the branches stirred,
The very youth her heart was choosing,
And soft and low his vows were heard.

IV.

"But doubted Laura ever after
How Love to call—or friend or foe?"
Oh! ask her—and with merry laughter
Her eyes will answer, Never—no.

LINES,*

WRITTEN ON LEAVING LONGLEAT.

With tardy steps my lingering feet
Turn from thy portals, fair Longleat,
For who, that once had found retreat
Amidst the pleasures of Longleat,
But would with sorrowing heart repeat,
Adieu! Adieu! beloved Longleat!
And wish the courser's foot less fleet,
That bears him distant from Longleat.
What hospitable welcomes greet
The happy guest who seeks Longleat!
And when the howling tempests beat
Against the casements of Longleat,

* A conversation having arisen at Longleat (the Marquis of Bath's) on the difficulty of making rhymes, Lady Morley (in support of the opinion she had maintained that there was no difficulty in it) composed, during her drive to Bath the same morning, the following lines, and sent them back to the party left in the house. At the request of a friend, her ladyship has kindly allowed them to be added to this miscellany, though written without any idea of their appearing in print.

How gay the ling'ring hours they cheat,
Around thy cheerful hearth, Longleat!
When flames the trunk (nor coal nor peat)
Hewn from the forests of Longleat,
Can Windsor or Versailles compete
With thy magnificence, Longleat?
For sovereigns a dwelling meet,
Are thy majestic halls, Longleat!
And science glad would fix her seat
Amidst thy pond'rous tow'rs, Longleat.
With every luxury replete,
All charms the senses at Longleat;
The flow'rets elsewhere smell less sweet,
And look less gay, than at Longleat;
For ginger wine the best receipt
Ask—and you'll find it at Longleat;
Nothing is wanting—all complete—
Perfection's empire is Longleat!

When heifers lowe, and young lambs bleat
In Spring, how green thy lawns, Longleat;
When Summer pours her fervent heat,
How cool thy shady groves, Longleat;

In Autumn how the golden wheat
Waves o'er thy smiling fields, Longleat;
Midst Wintry blasts, and driving sleet,
How warm thy gay saloons, Longleat!

No beggar haunts the village street,
Which joins thy fair domain, Longleat;—
Lacks he but clothing, drink, or meat,
He seeks, and finds them at Longleat.
The cottage children, clean and neat,
Are taught their horn-book at Longleat;
And, when the wish'd-for Christmas treat
Awaits them ready at Longleat,
With merry hearts they grateful eat
Their beef and pudding at Longleat.

For me, it borders on conceit,
In idle verse to sing Longleat,
And well I know 'twere more discreet
To leave for wiser heads Longleat;
(Tho', after all, 'tis no great feat,
So many words rhyme with Longleat,)
But modesty is obsolete,
(Tho' still she blushes at Longleat;)

And as I know they hate deceit,
Falsehood, and flattery, at Longleat,
I'd sooner yield to a defeat,
Than practise them upon Longleat;
So, as my rhymes are all effete,
Which chime so glibly with Longleat,
Unwillingly I fold my sheet,
Seal, and dispatch it to Longleat.

THE RISING OF THE SUN.

TO A WELSH AIR.

Wake! wake! wake to the hunting!
Wake ye, wake! the morning is nigh!
Chilly the breezes blow
Up from the hill below,
Chilly the twilight creeps over the sky;
Mark how fast the stars are fading!
Mark how wide the dawn is spreading!
Many a fallow deer
Feeds in the forest near;
Now is no time on the heather to lie!

Rise! rise! hark on the ocean,
Rise ye, rise, and look on the sky!
Softly the vapours sweep
Over the level deep;
Softly the mists on the waterfall lie!
In the clouds red tints are glowing;
On the hill the black cock's crowing;
And through the welkin red
See where he lifts his head!
Forth to the hunting! the sun's riding high!

I MOURN NOT THE FOREST.

I MOURN not the forest whose verdure is dying,
I mourn not the summer whose beauty is o'er,
I weep for the hope that for ever is flying,
I sigh for the worth that I slighted before,
And sigh to bethink me how vain is my sighing,
For love, once extinguished, is kindled no more.

The spring may return with his garland of flowers,
And wake to new rapture the bird on the tree;
The summer smile soft thro' his crystalline showers;
The treasures of autumn wave brown on the lea;
The rock may be shaken, the dead may awaken,
But the friend of my bosom returns not to me.

ELEGY

ON

BISHOP HEBER.

He fell not in climbing the icy steep
  Which ambition delights to scale;
For the deeds of his arm not a Widow shall weep,
  Nor an Orphan her Father bewail;
It was not in piercing the mountain's side,
  For the mine's forbidden treasure;
Or in pushing his bark o'er the shallow tide
  Of bright but delusive pleasure.

Here honour and interest woo'd him to rest,
  And spoke of the evils to come;
And love clasped him close to her cowardly breast,
  And whispered the joys of his home;
But zeal for his Lord dissolved every chain,
  By which we endeavoured to bind him;
He paid every tear by tears back again,
  But cast all our wishes behind him.

And he mounted the deck, and we saw him depart
From our breezy and verdant shore;
And we left him, in sadness and sickness of heart,
To think we might see him no more;
But he sought the far coast of the sultry land,
Where the sun never knows a cloud;
And he planted his foot on the burning strand,
And his head at the altar he bowed;

And his soul, by the solemn oath he bound,
To live and to die for the Lord;
The idol temples to strew on the ground,
And to publish the life-giving Word;
And he preached it by day, and by dewy eve,
And when night had darkened the plain.
—Ah, who shall the tale of his labours now weave,
And so give us our Brother again?

He fell, as he conquered—a sorrowing crowd
Of each people, and language, and tongue,
Pressed sadly around his cold grave—and, aloud,
Their heart-broken obsequies sung—

" Our Brother has fallen; and low in the dust
Do his earthly relics slumber;
But his spirit is gone to the land where the just
Surround the ' White Throne' without number."

But his grave has a voice; and I hear it proclaim,
" Go forward, till day chases night;
Till all nations adore the unspeakable Name,
And the world's one wide ocean of light;
Till our God is enthroned on Judah's dark hills,
And sheaths his all-conquering sword;
Till the desolate earth with his glory he fills,
And all realms are the realms of the Lord!"

LINES,

ADDRESSED TO THE

DOWAGER DUCHESS OF RUTLAND.

When the ———, I will not tell her name,
Was in her early beauty laid
Reposing—Time in person came,
And looked delighted at the maid.
Such charms, unmov'd, he could not pass,
They were to him unusual things,
He gazed till he had dropp'd his glass,
And, sighing, closed his mighty wings.
"Awake," in tender tone he cried,
"Nor be of my stern look afraid,
For never yet has Time espied
Three graces in one form display'd."
The nymph awoke; and, when she saw
Old Time was falling fast in love,
She thought she might advantage draw
From one who friend or foe must prove:—

" And dost thou love me, Time," she cried,
" With passion ardent, temper true?"
" Let me," he cried, " by test be tried,
And tell to Time what he shall do."
" Old Time," said she," thy hand is hard,
And thou on beauty lov'st to prey,
Do, prithee, Time, show some regard,
And touch me gently in thy way."
" Then smile upon me, lady, so—
That look again, oh! where are such?
I must not pass thee as I go,
But I will softly, gently touch;
So gently by thee will I steal,
That none the steps of Time shall see,
This withering scythe thou shall not feel,
Nor injured by its stroke shall be.
But still I must my prowess prove,
Be not displeased—indeed I must,
Or men will say that Time, in love,
Is blinded, partial, and unjust:—
Yet fear not thou: that form, that face
Shall still from me forbearance find,
But all the love of Time shall trace,
And see his progress in thy mind."

SONG.

I THOUGHT that, all devoid of art,
Thy mind was lovely as thine eyes,
But doubt has crept into my heart,
And rends my soul with jealousies.

Scorn may be well repaid with scorn,
And love within soothes care without;
Grief, pain, yea torture may be borne,
But love's worst anguish is—to doubt!

Oh, if thou art a fair disguise,
A form of light that only seems,
If falsehood lurk beneath those eyes,
Truth, virtue, life itself, are dreams.

No, no, it cannot be! Forgive
Wild words of love, to madness driven,
Restore thy smiles to bid me live,
And I'll believe them true as heaven.

THE SEA.

WRITTEN AT HASTINGS, APRIL, 1827.

THOUGH Earth her mighty sons may boast, of wealth or lineage vain
Her lords who dare with glory's host, or sport in pleasure's train,
What are they in their pomp and power but trophies rife for thee
To deck the mermaid's glassy bower, thou all engulphing Sea?

To thee, in every age and clime, must life her tribute pay!
Thine is the bud of morning's prime, and flower of riper day!
Thine are the little and the great, the gentle and the proud,
Where, 'mid the minions of their state, the silent masters crowd.
Thy caves have more of beauty's charms, to monster-grasp impell'd,
More loveliness than sultan arms in harem walls have held!
What heroes, in their dreamless sleep, now rock on amber beds,
Unconscious of the winds that sweep the billow o'er their heads.
What millions of a passive race, a thousand fathom low,
Must welter in their briny space, till the last trumpet blow!

Behold, by joyous breezes fann'd, while far the spray she flings,
The tall ship plunging from the land, with sunshine on her wings:

Scarce seems she of terrestrial kind, for elements a prey,
As leaving chalky cliffs behind, she cleaves her sparkling way:
Now view her through the shadows glide, and through the streaks light,
A spirit on the purple tide, in majesty of might,
Now skirting the horizon's haze, now dwindling to a speck,
When misty distance from our gaze conceals her vanish'd deck.

From human ken that ship has pass'd; above the scowling mair
To-morrow, for her humbled mast, the painful search is vain:
Black clouds have gather'd, and, with screams, for shore the wi gulls make,
All nature in convulsion seems beneath the storm to shake,
Till shiver'd timbers, drifted sail, and floating bodies bear
Sad witness of the roaring gale, that strew'd destruction there!

These are thy feats—of awful force! Nay, Nature's page can teac
How o'er Creation's trembling course thy wizard spell may reach.
What busy ministers of death thy potent call obey!
The lightning's shaft, volcano's breath, and whirlwind darkening da
What havoc, o'er the smiling earth, thy ruthless wrath has made!
What cities, starting from their mirth, in midnight ruin laid!
While of their palaces and fanes, that shone in morning's pride,
No tower or pinnacle remains above the conquering tide!

Yet think not, ravenous as thou art, thy plunder to retain,
Though thine has been the despot's part, 'tis but the despot's rei
A reign of years disturb'd and few, while hope's bland vision sho
Beyond oppression's bounded view, a prospect of repose,
Where halcyon breezes on the wing their various spoil dispense,
The sweets or melodies of Spring, to soothe the soften'd sense;
Where fountains from their leafy shade in crystal coolness stray,
To renovate the rosy glade, that basks in brighter day!

Man to these scenes a voice shall call, when bursts a blazing wo
When Earth's dismay'd and breathless ball in chaos shall be hurl
When suns with radiant gold no more illume thy glittering wave,
Nor shingles on their shatter'd shore thy foaming fury brave;
When Time into Eternity from mortal bonds has pass'd,
And o'er thy crest immovably oblivion's pall is cast!

FROM CASIMER.

ON CROWNING A STATUE OF AN INFANT JESUS WITH VIOLETS.

Ye first-born flow'rs, that with ye bring
The promise of the purple Spring,
As mild Aurora's matin ray
Foreruns the splendours of the day,
O come, my Saviour's brows to crown!
For why should Tyrian robes enfold
His tender limbs, with massy gold
Enriched?—and why the costly gem
Shine in the cumbrous diadem,
To weigh his infant temples down?

Then, bursting from th' enamelled earth,
Come, Springtide's fairest, freshest birth,
To grace the garland twin'd to shed
Its fragrance round a royal head,
Meet offering for the King of Heaven.
To all the incense, wealth and power
Presumptuous on his altars shower,
He will the simple wreath prefer,
E'en by his lowliest worshipper
In grateful, warm devotion given!

THE SUN DISPERSING A FOG.

THOU hast a mighty work to do, bright Sun,
But potent are the fervid beams which dart
From thy vast orb, best emblem of the wings
Of the creative Spirit brooding o'er
The dark abyss, till nature sprang to life,
Perfect and beautiful! Athwart thy path
Float the rebellious congregated clouds,
Form'd by thy chemistry divine; thy car,
O'ercanopied by mist, opaque, obscure,
Rolls darkling on; but, as a giant chief
Refresh'd with banquetting, thy stedfast course
Thou holdest, certain of full victory.
First, a pale tinge of golden light proclaims
Thy station; sportive then the morning breeze
Plays with the curling vapours, till they mount
In fleecy clouds, and vanish in the blaze
Of thy absorbing splendour, now diffus'd
O'er the vast azure canopy of Heav'n,
Exciting man to gratitude and joy.

THE ADMONITION.

Auld Geordie sat beside a board
Wi' routh o' hamely meltith stored,
Threw off his hat, composed his face,
An' just was thinkin' o'er the grace,—
When a wee say, that chanced to pass
Atween his wife and only lass,
At aince pu'd Geordie's mind away,
To something lang he wished to say.—
He turned, an' wi' a fervent air,
That weel bespak' a parent's care,
Soft, yet severe, tho' kind, yet keen,
And thus addressed his darling Jean.—
His auld wife by his elbow staid,
Assentin' weel to a' he said.—
" Ah, lassie! thou art a' we hae,
For Heaven has left us now nae mae!
Thy ilka faut we grieve to see,
For a' our care on earth's for thee.—
If thou but ken'd by night an' day
How for thy weal we wish an' pray,

How sair o'er thee our bosoms yearn,
Jean, thou wad be a mindfu' bairn!
I've lately seen, and grieved to see,
Your frequent rambles o'er the lea;
When gloamin' draws her darknin' screen
Around the holms and woodlands green;
When birds are singing in the grove,
An' ilka note's a tale o' love!—
What gars ye daunder out your lane,
In wrapper braw, an' tippet clean,
Your hair caimbed up fu'dink' to see,
And gouden curls aboon your bree?—
Ah, Jean, beware, my bonnie bairn!
The love o' virtue's hard to learn;
The pleasant way oft leads to death;
The adder lurks in flowery path;
I ken ye gae—an' grieve to ken—
To meet young Jamie o' the glen;
But gang nae mair:—I ken fu' weel
Your virtue fair, your bosom leal;
But, oh my child! by night and day
Keep out o' sin and danger's way!
Your health is high, your blossom fair,
Your spirits dance as light as air;

Yet, trust me, Jean, ye're lightly posing
Atween the winning an' the losing;
On youthfu' passion's firm controul
Depends your fair, immortal soul!
Oh think! if sic a thing should be,
As that these walks by greenwood tree,
These nightly daunderings by the river,
Should gae us lose our bairn for ever!
Be good, my love!—Ye canna' be
For aye aneath a parent's ee;
But mind, there's ANE, will aye be near ye,
Will ever see, will ever hear ye,
An' if ye're gude, he'll be your friend,
And mak' ye happy in the end."—
Young Jeanie's heart was saft an' kind,
A tender thought shot through her mind;
It came unsought, an' came again,—
'Twas about Jamie o' the glen!
But she was gude as she was fair,
An' i' the gloamin' walk'd nae mair.

THE FIRST GREY HAIR.

THE Matron at her mirror, with her hand upon her brow,
Sits gazing on her lovely face, aye, lovely even now;
Why doth she lean upon her hand with such a look of care?
Why steals that tear across her cheek?—She sees her first grey h

Time from her form hath ta'en away but little of its grace,
His touch of thought hath dignified the beauty of her face:
Yet she might mingle in the dance where maidens gaily trip,
So bright is still her hazel eye, so beautiful her lip!

The faded form is often mark'd by sorrow more than years;
The wrinkle on the cheek may be the course of secret tears;
The mournful lip may murmur of a love it ne'er confest,
And the dimness of the eye betray a heart that cannot rest:

But *she* hath been a happy wife; the lover of her youth
May proudly claim the smile, that pays the trial of his truth;
A sense of slight—of loneliness—hath never banish'd sleep,
Her life hath been a cloudless one:—then wherefore doth she wee

She look'd upon her raven locks;—what thoughts did they recall?
Oh! not of nights when they were deck'd for banquet and for ball;
They brought back thoughts of early youth, e'er she had learnt to check
With artificial wreaths the curls, that sported o'er her neck.

She seem'd to feel her Mother's hand pass lightly thro' her hair,
And draw it from her brow, to leave a kiss of kindness there;
She seem'd to view her Father's smile, and feel the playful touch,
That sometimes feign'd to steal away the curls she prized so much.

And *now* she sees her first grey hair! Oh! deem it not a crime,
For her to weep when she beholds the first foot-mark of time;
She knows, that one by one those mute mementos will increase,
And steal youth—beauty—strength away—till life itself shall cease!

'Tis not the tear of vanity for beauty on the wane;
Yet, though the blossom may not sigh to bud and bloom again,
It cannot but remember, with a feeling of regret,
The spring for ever gone—the summer sun so nearly set!

Ah! lady, heed the monitor! thy mirror tells thee truth;
Assume the matron's folded veil, resign the wreath of youth;
Go, bind it on thy daughter's brow, in *her* thou'lt still look fair;
'Twere well would all learn wisdom, who behold *the first grey hair!*

BEAUTY AND HER VISITORS.

I LOOKED for Beauty:—on a throne,
A dazzling throne of light, I found her;
And music poured its softest tone,
And flowers their sweetest breath, around her.
A score or two of idle gods,
Some drest as Peers, and some as Peasants,
Were watching all her smiles and nods,
And making compliments, and presents.

And first young Love, the rosy boy,
Exhibited his bow and arrows,
And gave her many a pretty toy,
Torches, and bleeding hearts, and sparrows:
She told him, as he passed, she knew
Her court would scarcely do without him;
But yet—she hoped they were not true—
There *were* some awkward tales about him.

Wealth deemed, that magic had no charm
More mighty than the gifts he brought her,
And linked around her radiant arm
Bright diamonds of the purest water:
The Goddess, with a scornful touch,
Unclasped the gaudy, galling fetter;
And said,—she thanked him very much,—
She liked a wreath of roses better.

Then Genius snatched his golden lute,
And told a tale of love and glory;
The crowd around were hushed and mute,
To hear so sad and sweet a story:
And Beauty marked the minstrel's cheek,
So very pale—no bust was paler;—
Vowed she could listen for a week;
But really—he *should* change his tailor!

As died the echo of the strings,
A shadowy Phantom kneeled before her,
Looked all unutterable things,
And swore to see was to adore her:

He called her veil a cruel cloud,
  Her cheek a rose, her smile a battery;
She fancied it was Wit that bowed,—
  I'm almost certain it was Flattery.

There was a Beldame finding fault
  With every person's every feature,
And by the sneer, and by the halt,
  I knew at once the odious creature;
" You see," quoth Envy, " I am come
  To bow—as is my bounden duty;—
They tell me Beauty is at Home;—
  Impossible! that *can't* be Beauty!"

I heard a murmur far and wide
  Of—" Lord! how quick the dotard passes!"
As Time threw down at Beauty's side
  The prettiest of his clocks and glasses:
But it was noticed in the throng,
  How Beauty marred the maker's cunning;
For, when she talked, the hands went wrong,
  And, when she smiled, the sands stopped running.

Death, in a Doctor's wig and gown,
  Came, arm in arm with Lethe, thither,
And crowned her with a withered crown,
  And hinted, Beauty too must wither!
" Avaunt!" she cried; " how came he here?
  " The frightful Fiend!—he's my abhorrence!"—
I went and whispered in her ear,
  " He shall not hurt you;—sit to Lawrence."

TO HELENA, ON HER BIRTHDAY.

My own love, my true love! here's health and joy to you, love!
A happy year without a tear, and sweet smiles not a few, love!
Of all my anniversaries, I prize your Birthday best,
And well I may, for 'twas the day that brighten'd all the rest:
To this I owe my bliss below—oh, more than that, the love,
Whose purity my guide may be to happiness above!

My Wedding-day is welcome, but it shines in borrowed bliss,
That day owes all its value to the dear one born on *this;*
In doubt, you are the monitor I scorn not to obey;
You are the friend I turn to, when a joy is torn away;
In sorrow I have often feign'd hope's softly soothing tone,
'Till, striving to subdue *your* grief, I half forgot *my own:*
And then in bliss—oh! what *is* bliss, I ask—unless it be
To look upon *your* happiness! aye, that's the bliss for me.

Then, my own love, my true love! here's health and joy to you, love
A happy year without a tear, and sweet smiles not a few, love!

LINES ON THE PLANET JUPITER.

I.

Yon tranquil orb, that moves on high,
And sparkles in the deep blue sky;
Yet only lights for man its fires
When day's more glorious lamp retires;—
Say, can it be a stage, like earth,
For passions and pain-mingled mirth;
Around the self-same centre hurl'd
A breathing and a busy world?

II.

Though, monarch of the starry throng,
It wheels with handmaid moons along,
That planet, first amidst the seven,
Appears but as a speck in heaven;
And every cloud can dim its sphere;
And pettiest objects glimmering near—
The banquet torch—the meteor-light,
Fill more of space to human sight.

III.

Yet these far worlds of wandering gleam
Wake many a superstitious dream;
Till, fondly gazing, we could hold,
With grey philosophers of old,
That they to mortals may dispense
Some good or evil influence;
And muse on Saturn, Venus, Mars,
As adverse, or propitious stars.

IV.

Come then, and shining o'er my heart,
New calmness, thou fair orb, impart;
Such calmness as I fain would deem
Must dwell in thine untroubled beam.
Yet it may be, that thoughts like these
But cheat the bosom, while they please:
I crave relief of care from thee,
Yet know not if thyself art free.

V.

Ah!—hast thou sad and stormy hours,
Like this unquiet globe of ours?
And art thou full of death and war,
Thou beauteous planetary star!

Of fierce desires, that rend the breast,
And fears, that rob the couch of rest,
Of fortunes high, reverses strange,
And hurrying tides of chance and change?

VI.

In thee does wakeful Avarice hold,
With firm-clench'd hand, its heap of gold;
Or dark Ambition's sterner mood
Pursue its visionary good?
In thee are sorrow's crushing spells,
And burning tears, and sad farewells;
Or hopes that ardent patriots feel,
And schemes that grasp the public weal?

VII.

Yes;—there, perchance, are mighty states,
And halls that ring with grave debates—
There many a mountain-region soars,
And ocean spreads 'twixt hostile shores,
And peopled marts, and cities rife
With crimes and arts, like human life—
Or tangled woods, and deserts bare,
The lion's solitary lair.

VIII.

Yet, in thy brightness, hope would find
Those joys ensur'd that mock mankind;
And fond remembrance seeks to trace
Some lov'd and lost one's dwelling-place;
Or trusts that friends departed are
Each turn'd into some quenchless star,
And thence look down, with pitying eye,
On those not blest enough to die.

IX.

Oh! shall such lot be mine at last—
Earth's irksome toils and struggles past—
To soar and contemplate around
Beyond our system's solar bound:
A thing of life, that can survey
The wonders of the starry way,
Or track the comets as they run,
Immortal more than star or sun!

X.

E'en now my spirit mounts, and sees
Arcturus and the Pleiades—
There shines the fair Orion—there
The seven-fold glories of the Bear;—

There orbs—whose light, since time began,
Ne'er yet has travell'd down to man—
And there the Earth—a spot—a ball—
Almost the meanest of them all!

XI.

Dread Pow'r! by whom these systems shine,
Eternal, infinite, divine!
How shall thy humblest creatures be
More closely drawn and linked to thee,
When thus 'tis theirs to hear the song
Of planets, as they move along,
And feel alike, thro' sense and soul,
The harmony with which they roll!

FROM THE ITALIAN.

WHERE shall I find, on all the fleeting earth,
This world of changes and farewells, a friend,
That will not fail me in his love and worth,
Tender and true, and stedfast to the end?

Far hath my spirit sought a place of rest,
Long on vain idols its devotion shed;
Some have forsaken whom I lov'd the best,
And some deceiv'd, and some are with the dead.

But Thou, my Saviour, Thou my hope and trust,
Faithful art Thou, when friends and joys depart;
Teach me to lift these yearnings from the dust,
And fix on Thee, th' unchanging one, my heart!

TO AN ORPHAN.

Thou hast been rear'd too tenderly,
Belov'd too well and long,
Watch'd by too many a gentle eye:
Now look on life—be strong!

Too quiet seem'd thy joys for change,
Too holy and too deep;
Bright clouds, thro' summer skies that range,
Seem oft times thus to sleep;

To sleep, in silvery stillness bound,
As things that ne'er may melt:
Yet gaze again—no trace is found
To show thee where they dwelt.

This world hath no more love to give
Like that which thou hast known;
Yet the heart breaks not—we survive
Our treasures—and bear on.

But oh! too beautiful and blest
Thy home of youth hath been;
Where shall thy wing, poor bird! find rest,
Shut out from that sweet scene?

Kind voices from departed years
Must haunt thee many a day;
Looks, that will smite the source of tears,
Across thy soul must play.

Friends—now the alter'd or the dead—
And music that is gone,
A gladness o'er thy dreams will shed,
And thou shalt wake alone.

Alone!—it is in that deep word
That all thy sorrow lies;
How is the heart to courage stirr'd
By smiles from kindred eyes!

And are these lost? and have I said
To aught like thee—be strong?
So bid the willow lift its head,
And brave the tempest's wrong!

Thou reed! o'er which the storm hath pass'd,
Thou, shaken with the wind,
On one, *one* friend, thy weakness cast,
There is but *One* to bind.

A SINGULAR PEOPLE.

A Traveller, who, to store his mind,
Had wandered far, and seen mankind,
At length resolved to seek again
His early friends and native plain.
Soon as he reached the welcome spot,
His neighbours flock'd around his cot,
Too happy that again they found
Their friend among them, safe and sound.
At once—as they who stay at home
Are glad to question those who roam—
They wish, with curious zeal, to scan
The sights he saw, the risks he ran,
The wonders of the land and sea,
In short, his travel's history.
Our traveller, not displeas'd to find
His neighbours of inquiring mind,
(In fact, 'twas listeners that he wanted,)
With ease their application granted.
" Good friends," he said, " you know full well
My life's whole tale 'twere long to tell;

And therefore, lest your patience tire,
One part alone shall now transpire.
You know the distance is not small
From hence* to Britain's northern wall;
Advance still farther, till you come
Above five hundred leagues from home:
There stop, and wonder; for you'll find
The strangest race of human kind;
Men sit unmov'd by day's broad light,
Unmov'd they pass the hours of night;
Of God, of Heaven, of Hell's unrest,
No thought e'er penetrates their breast;
Tho' hostile armies camp around,
And all the din of battle sound,
Tho' lightnings flash, and thunders roll,
And strong convulsions shake the pole,
This curious race their place retain,
And deaf and mute thro' all remain;
Some mutter'd sounds may now and then
Be heard, but die away again
Upon their lips, which ne'er unfold
The thoughts their secret bosoms hold,

* His home was probably one of the Orkney Islands.

And now and then the sudden glance
Flashes, as in a fever'd trance.
At leisure long the scene I view'd,
And, mid the conclave, wondering stood.
Believe me, friends, I cannot yet
Those natives' frightful looks forget;
The hideous scowl, the blank despair,
The moody rage, the spiteful glare,
The savage joy which burst the eye,
Must ever haunt my memory;
Fierce as the furies, and as stern
As hell's dark judges o'er their urn,
And full of anguish, as the breast
Where evil memories ever rest:
Such was the novel group I found
Inhabiting that distant ground."
But here the neighbours interpose,
And beg he would their aim disclose.
" Seek they to heal their country's woe
By so much pain of thinking?" " No."
" Seek they the stone which seals our bliss,
As wise men promise?" " Neither this."
" Perhaps such untired thinkers may
Disclose the circle's square?" " Not they."

" You spoke of bitterness: perchance
They mourn their sins in penitence?"
" All wrong, still wrong," our Traveller cries,
" I fear their aim your skill defies."
" Why, they who neither hear nor say,
Nor see, nor move the live-long day,
And longer night, what do they?"—" PLAY!"

VALENTINE.

Old Custom, which to-day allows
Addresses such as this;
When timid lovers breathe their vows,
And sing of promised bliss;
Emboldens one, who else would fear
To make his feelings known,
To whisper in the fair one's ear
A sorrow—all his own.

Old custom says, that rhyming words
Must form the Valentine;
Yet jingling verse but ill accords
With sentiments like mine.
Beheld, like visions fair and bright,
At once your pow'r was prov'd,
No sooner seen, than lost to sight,
No sooner known, than lov'd.

The lightning's fire from angry skies
An instant death can give,
And who shall meet those soul-fraught eyes,
And yet unwounded live?

Unlike the wrathful flame of heav'n,
  Their radiance they impart;
But not less sure the wound is giv'n
  Which rankles in the heart.

The smiles that deck that downy cheek,
  To arch expression joined,
The goodness of the heart bespeak,
  And powers of the mind;
'Tis seldom in the world we trace
  An union half so rare,
In one combining sense and grace,
  As talented as fair.

Again to meet—again to part—
  It may—it may *not* be;
The thought but grieves an aching heart,
  For what am *I* to *thee!*
Then fare thee well, no breast can own
  A passion half so pure
As his, who loves unseen, unknown,
  Nor ever hopes a cure.

ON A WITHERED LEAF.

Thou wither'd leaf! that every wind
Drives o'er the margin of the lake,
From thee presumptuous man may take
A lesson to correct his mind.

Amidst the vacant, idle train,
That careless view thy giddy course,
A throbbing heart will some enforce
To own their lives as light and vain,

On which no useful care devolves,
Who change with every breath of fate,
In whom each passion can unstate,
And shake their deepest, best resolves.

Whose listless hours will leave behind
No vestige of the course they held;
No note of wonders they've beheld,
No labours of a useful mind.

Some, who like thee once bloom'd on high,
Will mourn their fading honours past,
Some unkind winter's angry blast
Hath nipp'd their bright prosperity.

The wiser few will own with grief,
While their fair hours like thine decay,
While onward hastes their wintry day,
That man himself's a withering leaf.

THE PAROQUET.

As late I mus'd in Julia's room
Upon her feather'd favourite's doom,
Poll, with a most affected air,
A lengthen'd bow, and easy stare,
Such as denote a well-bred man,
In lisping accents thus began:—
" Beneath this plumage dwells secure
" The soul of hapless Beauparleur,
" A gentle fop, whom you no doubt
" Remember at each ball and rout,
" Play, opera, and masquerade,
" Where fashion's giddy votaries stray'd,
" From Almack's high patrician floor,
" To low Vauxhall's plebeian shore.
" My province was to attend the fair,
" Whether, in search of purer air,
" In Kensington's sequester'd shade
" They glanc'd along, in bright parade,
" Or slowly drove, ' in idle state,'
" From Cumberland to Stanhope's gate;

" And much of varied lore I taught,
" Where gayest ribands might be bought,
" Of Guichard's plumes and Hubert's stays,
" And tempting Howell's rich displays,
" Of all the brilliancy that graces
" Parisian ladies' heads and faces.
" Well was I vers'd in all the art
" That captivates a female heart;
" Could hum a passage from Rossini,
" Wish they'd bring over Pelligrini,
" Compare Audacia to Thalestris,
" Then fairly rave of Ronzi Vestris.
" For my attire:—why all confest
" Beauparleur beautifully drest,
" Acknowledging no brighter spark
" E'er glitter'd in the sunny park.
" Blest toils! with admiration paid!
" Blest scenes! too soon, alas! to fade!
" For on a day, a fatal day,
" Impell'd by love's resistless sway,
" I dar'd disclose presumptuous passion
" To the fair leader of the fashion.
" Then, had you seen the towering air
" With which she heard my humble prayer

" The flash of anger and surprise
" That darted from her radiant eyes
" And struck me thro' the heart askance,
" You, too, had perish'd at the glance.
" I saw no more: my labouring breath
" Show'd symptoms of approaching death;
" I took to physic and to bed,
" Nor ever rais'd my drooping head,
" Save to adjure the powers above
" By all the woes of hopeless love,
" By all the pangs of injur'd merit,
" For vengeance on her haughty spirit.
" Relenting Venus heard my cry,
" And, pitying my agony,
" Transported me to this same room,
" With lengthen'd tail and gaudy plume:
" And, tho' the man appear'd no more,
" The tongue was flippant as before:
" But think what fires inflame my breast
" When by that charmer I'm carest,
" Whose eyes no more with anger glow
" When fix'd on her transfigur'd beau;
" Think of my raptures when I sip
" The sweetness of her rosy lip,

" And feel my downy neck, so sleek,
" Prest by her soft and rosy cheek.
" And still I watch, with angry care,
" The dandies that infest my fair,
" And, in fits of humour jealous,
" I bite and scratch the odious fellows."
Poll ceased; and, when in act to spring,
I pass'd my hand behind his wing,
And, laughing at his foolish rage,
Barr'd him within his gilded cage.

SONG.

DREAM, dream, let me dream,
Wherefore should I waken,
Sleep is as a fairy land
Not yet by spells forsaken.
Break not on the gentle charm
In which night has bound me,
Wherefore, wherefore should I wake
To the cold world around me?
Dreaming only, faithless love
Will not win to leave us;
Dreaming only, may we trust
Hope will not deceive us;
Dreaming, memory can forget
Its corroding sorrow:—
Night forgets that as to-day
So will be to-morrow.
There are opiates for the heart,
In its anguish breaking,

Spells of light to witch the cares
Whose darkness haunts us waking.
Dream, dream, let me dream,
Wherefore should I waken—
To know my heart is as a grave,
By hope and love forsaken.

THE FOUNTAIN.

A BALLAD.

Why startest thou back from that fount of sweet water?
The roses are drooping while waiting for thee;
" Ladye, 'tis dark with the red hue of slaughter,
There is blood on that fountain—oh! whose may it be?"

Uprose the Ladye at once from her dreaming,
Dreams born of sighs from the violets round,
The jasmine bough caught in her bright tresses, seeming
In pity to keep the fair prisoner it bound;

Tear-like the white leaves fell round her, as, breaking
The branch in her haste, to the fountain she flew,
The wave and the flowers o'er its mirror were reeking,
Pale, as the marble around it, she grew.

She followed its track to the grove of the willow,
To the bower of the twilight it led her at last,
There lay the bosom so often her pillow,
But the dagger was in it, its beating was past.

Round the neck of the youth a light chain was intwining,
The dagger had cleft it, she joined it again,
One dark curl of his, one of her's like gold shining.
"They hoped this would part us, they hoped it in vain.

Race of dark hatred, the stern unforgiving,
Whose hearts are as cold as the steel which they wear.
By the blood of the dead, the despair of the living,
Oh, house of my kinsman, my curse be your share!"

She bowed her fair face on the sleeper before her,
Night came, and shed its cold tears on her brow;
Crimson the blush of the morning past o'er her,
But the cheek of the maiden returned not its glow.

Pale on the earth are the wild flowers weeping,
The cypress their column, the night wind their hymn,
These mark the grave where those lovers are sleeping
Lovely—the lovely are mourning for them.

CHANGE.

I ONLY asked, oh! let me hear
That dearest voice again,
Altho', lute-like, its notes had lost
Their old accustomed strain.

I did not ask that words of love
Upon thy lips should be;
I did not ask that thou shouldst breathe
Of other days to me;

I did not say, give me the rose,
Altho' it was so dear,
I only prayed to live within
Its perfum'd atmosphere.

We met; what did that meeting teach
But what I long have known—
That thou wert changed, yet that my heart
Was utterly thine own.

Somewhat of sorrow or of shame
I looked to meet in thee,
Tho' Love had lost all else, I deemed
He must keep memory.

No colour came upon thy cheek,
No change within thine eye,
There was not even a fault'ring word,
Not even a single sigh.

The wound is deepened in my heart,
My last vain fancy o'er,
And now I only ask of Heaven—
To look on *thee* no more.

FROM AN AUTHOR, WHO WAS FAR ADVANCED IN YEARS, SOLICITED TO GIVE UP SOME PIECES OF HIS JUVENILE POETRY FOR THE PURPOSES OF THIS MISCELLANY, THEN ABOUT TO BE PUBLISHED UNDER THE TITLE OF "THE RAINBOW."

ASK'D to contribute to THE RAINBOW'S stores,
Mem'ry looks back, and my past life explores;
A many-colour'd rainbow life, 'tis true,
Of shifting scenes assuming every hue;
With ev'ry shade of sorrow or of joy,
That man's short life could gladden or annoy.
Hope, rainbow-like, now vivid, bright as day,
Dazzling and sparkling, brilliantly gay;
Next, sad and fading, all its prospects crost,
Its lustre vanish'd, and its brightness lost!
But the mere passing scenes of man's brief life
May well admit this variegated strife.
One hour of pain, for twenty hours of mirth,
May serve to check the thoughtless sons of earth.
If all were sunshine, few would condescend
To think upon the darkness of man's end.

Few of the young would note the lapse of years,
Joy would grasp all, and there would be no tears.
But he who, traversing this globe of earth,
By mere long life survives the days of mirth;
The days of thoughtlessness, and careless ease,
When trifles captivate, and play-things please;
Whose " head," by time, gets " silver'd o'er with age,"
While care and " long experience" make him sage;
'Tis sad for such to carry back their thoughts
To years long past, of pleasure, but—of faults!
To years, when sober prudence held no check,
But cast her reins too loosely on the neck,
When head-strong youth, impatient of controul,
In peril, not from vice, but warmth of soul,
Spake but too freely all its fears and hopes,
In measur'd numbers, metaphors and tropes;
When poetry, almost the prose of youth,
Made even Fancy tell a tale of truth,
Imagination prompt an ardent strain,
Though there were gulphs between, and all hope vain;
When sentiment and feeling lur'd the pen
To write what youths might write and own, not men:
Such am'rous ditties shock the sob'rer sort—
Reviv'd, would meet but mockery and sport.

Perhaps, at gayer times, when love's soft strains
Were found to yield no hope, assuage no pains,
Glad to escape from flames and thought that burn'd,
The muse to lighter subjects may have turn'd;
To mirth and frolic giv'n her varying pow'rs,
To help dull time along, or slow-pac'd hours;
Perhaps committed to the too good care
Of tell-tale paper, trifles light as air—
Mere levities, that should have never liv'd
Beyond their birth; or if they have surviv'd
(By some strange accident they could not shun)
The age of folly, merriment, and fun,
Should to no other light be now brought forth
But that of fire and flame, so mean their worth.
Ask'd to contribute them in life's last stage,
The chance productions of an earlier age,
Time's glass, Death's dust, and visions such as these,
With other foes, whom nothing can appease,
Admonish me to pause, and note the strife
Between the two extremes of human life!
In childish days men think of childish things,
In age, of such as sad experience brings!
I wish THE RAINBOW well—but must refuse
What youth might write, but age cannot excuse;

I wish THE RAINBOW well—and if I dar'd
Would send it all the trifles time has spar'd;
Nothing restrains me, but a fearful awe
To render public what the world ne'er saw;
Nothing restrains me, but a just concern
To save from censure—what had better burn!

FOR "THE CASKET."

"CASKET, a small box for jewels."
Johnson's Dictionary.

If such the import of the name
Your book aspires to bear,
What right has verse of mine to claim,
Or hope admittance there?

Deep, deep in Castaly's clear fount
Sleep "gems of ray serene,"
And brightly on Parnassus' mount
They shed their dazzling sheen.

But Muse of mine may not explore
The sweet Castalian stream,
And unto her, Parnassian store
Is but an idle dream.

Have I, then, nothing to bestow,
  Which kindness may express?
Yes,—all who feel a mourner's woe,
  A mourner's lot may bless.

For Pity's sigh, at Sorrow's tale,
  Warm from the feeling breast,
Is grateful as the spicy gale,
  From Araby the blest.

And Pity's silent, sparkling tear,
  For sad misfortune shed,
Is to the sufferer's heart as dear,
  As pearls from Ocean's bed.

These e'en the poorest poor can give:
  But to the child of song,
Whose heart should feel for all that live,
  Peculiar gifts belong.

The sigh, the tear of sympathy,
  From poet's eye or heart,
These surely are not born to die,
  And act no nobler part.

'Tis his in song to pour them forth,
Till other hearts shall feel
Their gentle, pure, ennobling worth,
And own their soft appeal;

Till, like the rock in Horeb's land,
By Moses taught to flow,
The sternest bosoms shall expand
To soothe another's woe.

And e'en a tribute slight as mine,
If thoughts like these it wake,
A CASKET fitly may enshrine,
Though for it's subject's sake;

For, in *His* sight who reigns above,
Poor is Earth's richest gem,
And Kindness, Gentleness, and Love,
The Christian's Diadem!

LINES TO MISS W——,

BY HER FATHER,

ON SEEING THE LAST FLOWER WHICH SHE DREW BEFORE SHE BECAME BLIND.

THERE, hapless Maid, there end thy playful pains,
Nature hath shut the book, thy task is done.
Of all her various charms what now remains?
To smell the violet and feel the sun.
In liberal toil thy youthful hands did grow,
Quick moving at thy better sense's call;
That better sense is gone! Their task is now
To twist the yarn, or grope the senseless wall.
Oh! fate severe! Earth's lesson early taught—
That all is vain, save Virtue, Love and Truth;
We own it, all that through life's day have wrought,
And thou hast learn'd it in the morn of youth.
Pupil of Heav'n thou art.—Compute thy gain,
When dulness loads thee, or regret assails.
All is not lost—for Faith and Hope remain,
And gentle Charity that never fails.—

Now love shall glow, where envy might have burn'd,
  Now ev'ry hand and ev'ry eye are thine,
Each human form, each object undiscern'd,
  From borrow'd organs thou shalt still divine.
But thy great Maker's own transcendant light,
  His love ineffable, his ways of old,
His perfect wisdom, and his presence bright,
  Thine eyes, and *not another's*, shall behold.

LINES*

SUPPOSED TO BE ADDRESSED BY AN INDIAN WOMAN TO THE

MESSENGER BIRD,

WHICH COMES, AS INDIANS BELIEVE, FROM THE LAND OF SPIRITS.

When shalt thou return to the spirit land?
When shalt thou return, thou bird?
We fain would give thee some fond command—
Thou must bear some greeting word.

Some word of love to the friends that are
At rest on the spirits' shore,
And say, that those who are mourning here,
Are glad *they* mourn no more.

Are glad that theirs are unfading flowers;
And theirs a renewal of youth;
And theirs, the joys that can never be ours
In this dark world of ruth.

* These lines were suggested by a beautiful poem, called "The Messenger Bird," which the author saw in an Album.

Yet tell them we hope those lov'd on earth
They do not quite forget,
For we think of *them*, e'en in hours of mirth,
With faithful, fond regret.

Yet, forget us they must, or love us less,
Or how *could* they be happy above,
For oh! 'tis a sorrow, words cannot express,
To be parted from those we love.

And parents may there the children forget,
That here were their pleasure and pride,
But the children's tears will be flowing yet,
When the parents' eyes are dried.

And welcome, oh bird, of the shadowy wing,
Art thou to this earthly shore,
Thou seemest with thee, the charm to bring,
Of moments which now are o'er.

For thou lately hast seen the forms we love best,
And the voices most dear hast heard,
Then go with our messages, welcome guest,
But come back again, dear bird.

EPITAPH

ON ——.

In youth and beauty's mantling bloom she shone,
And every eye delighted, save her own—
She the young mind of lowly ignorance taught,
She pining poverty's dark dwelling sought,
O'er the sick couch like pitying angel hung,
And dropt celestial manna from her tongue.

But soon that angel teacher mortal prov'd,
Lamented victim of the tasks she lov'd—
For oh!—contagion lurk'd those tasks beneath,
And on her beauty breath'd delicious death.—
Yet—o'er her dying hours what comfort came!
The sufferer call'd on her Redeemer's name,
On Him relying, who alone could save,
Her hope in life—her refuge from the grave.

Her mourning kindred heard—and kiss'd the rod,
Then, firm in Faith—resign'd her to her God.

TO THE GREEK EMBLEM OF IMMORTALITY: A BUTTERFLY.

MOUNT, glitt'ring Sylphid! child of light!
Thou'st fed enough on earthly flowers,
Soar up through still-expanding height,
To Amaranthine bowers:
And there on gales all odour stray,
In sunlight of eternal day.

Alas! thou weak-wing'd, mortal fly!
That wond'rous voyage is not thine!
Frail bliss, beneath a diff'rent sky,
Do thy brief fates assign;
Some dews, some sunshine, and some showers,
In this low vap'ry clime of ours.

To us those soaring wings are given,
That wafture through receding stars,
When death, the messenger of Heaven,
Our life's stern gate unbars,
And we spring fearless forth to try
Unfolding immortality.

Written on a Poplar growing in a small yard behind South Audley Street, London.

Ill-fated tree, thy lot is hard,
Born in a small and smoky yard,
What soothing hope, in midst of grief,
Bids thee still bear the fresh-green leaf?
Is it to raise thy prison'd head
Above the walls that round thee spread,
And some day, tall, from far to see
One verdant field or kindred tree?
E'en when the summer sun is high,
And gladdens all the cloudless sky,
Scarce for a moment doth he rest
His beams upon thy drooping crest,
Just long enough to make thee know
Thy loneliness, and mock thy woe.
The languid zephyr's weary wing
Can scarce his common freshness bring,
Or warn thee of th' approach of spring;
But wintry blasts alone intrude
Upon thy noisy solitude;

No free-born bird has sought thy shade,
Or nest within thy branches made;
No nightingale thy boughs among
Has thrilled her plaintive ev'ning song;
Here none but vulgar sparrows come,
And make thee their untuneful home.
Ah! hard foundations gall thy roots,
And walls oppose thy spreading shoots!
No friendly genius brought thee hither:
Since birth, thy hope has been—to wither.

On Miss F———d and Lord K—y planting two Cedars in Bremhill Churchyard.

Yes, Pamela, this infant tree,
Planted in sacred earth by thee,
Shall strike its root, and pleasant grow,
While I am mould'ring dust below.
This churchyard turf shall still be green,
When other pastors here are seen,
Who, gazing on that dial gray,
Shall mourn, like me, life's passing ray—
What says its monitory shade?
" Thyself, so blooming now, shall fade,
" And e'en that fair and lightsome boy,
" Elastic as the step of joy,
" The future lord of yon domain,
" And all this wide extended plain,
" Shall yield to creeping time, when they
" Who lov'd him shall have pass'd away."—
Yet planted by his youthful hand,
The fellow cedar still shall stand,

And when it spreads its boughs around,
Shading the consecrated ground,
He may behold its shade and say,
(Himself then haply growing gray,)
" Yes, I remember, aged tree,
" When I was young, who planted thee."
But long may Time, gay maiden, spare
Thy lighted eyes, thy crisped hair,
Thy unaffected converse kind,
Thy gentle and ingenuous mind.
For him, when I in dust repose,
May virtue guide him as he grows,
And may he, when no longer young,
Resemble those from whom he sprung!
Then let these trees extend their shade,
Or live or die, or bloom or fade,
Virtue, uninjur'd and sublime,
Shall lift her brightest wreath, untouch'd by Time!

ZULICA.

'Twas whisper'd first,—but soon report
Gain'd firmer footing in the court;
Post after post with breathless haste
Arrived—staid counsel, and repassed.
By turns 'twas sickness, war, or death,
As hope or fear gave fancy breath!
When great ones ail, not love alone
In every anxious look is shown;
To young ambition's ladder then,
Rush fearless forth the desp'rate men—
Who worked like moles, in fear the while,
The slow but surer mine of guile.
'Twas now confirmed! the courtiers own
A cloud had gather'd on the throne,
By common eyes had Selim been
Since his last conquest rarely seen—
'Twas said, that from his laurel crown
A blood-drop late had trickled down,

And every art was tried in vain
To wash away that blood-drop stain—
'Twas said, but that was slander sure,
That mental ill, past physic's cure,
Had all its palest influence shed,
Had twin'd about the royal bed—
That Selim,—he—the good, the great,
Who seemed to hold the sword of fate,—
Perish the thought!—the groundless wrong,
That venom drops from Slander's tongue!

The merest minion own'd, 'twas true,
Faint and more faint the Sultan grew;—
Science was call'd from cloister'd cell,
Though she with poverty might dwell;—
The long-neglected and unheeded,
Caress'd and called on now when needed.
How humble then will sickness grow,
When panting fever damps his brow!
Wound but the heart of iron mould,
Though ne'er so pitiless and cold,
How quick and true perception deals!
How tenderly the tyrant feels!

Fears the last flutter of that breath,
Which dealt so free to others death!

Search out the man whose skill can save
The sinking Sultan from the grave;
Honour, and power, and wealth, shall be
Thrice a king's ransom for his fee!
Meantime disease, and grief, and pain,
The Ruler ruled with iron reign!
Oh! little power that greatness owns!
Oh! envied impotence of crowns!
For whom a conquer'd world may bend
A thousand slaves—a single friend!
Selim had one,—and more had he
Than oft belongs to majesty!
Maid of the eye of liquid blue,
Oh, thou wert fond, and kind, and true!
'Twas strange she was—for 'twas his hand
To her own roof had set the brand!
'Twas strange she was—for 'twas her sire
That fled before his conquering fire!
Brothers three she numbered dead;
Wealth despoiled, and kinsmen fled;

Countless wrongs by Selim done,
'Twas, strange to say, the maid had won!
Maid of the eye of liquid blue,
Oh thou wert kind, and fond, and true!
Tell me, thou sage!—if wisdom can—
What means this mystery in man?
Whom we should loathe, detest, and hate,
By some inexplicable fate,
We follow—serve—obey—adore,
And for their wrongs still love the more!
Speak, subtle spirit, speak and say,
How still about our hearts you play,
Deceive the eye, inflame the charm,
And force our reason to disarm!
Down, down, rebellious heart, and own
'Tis Love has seized on Reason's throne!

Thro' all the land the news was spread,
Rumour proclaimed the Sultan dead!
Sudden to court a stranger came,—
None knew his country, or his name:
Something there was but rarely seen
In his fixed eye and stedfast mien;

Something he seemed advanced in age,
And half a soldier—half a sage—
No sentinel could bid him " stay,"—
The dogs that eyed him slunk away.
Where'er he went, the stern-eyed seer
Dispersed a sympathy of fear!
" Show me your chief," he fiercely said,
" Conduct me to the royal bed:
" For I am come from distant climes,
" With cunning lore of ancient times,
" So swift, so potent, and so sure,
" Shall be the process of his cure,
" That I will leave my life in pawn,
" The forfeit of to-morrow's dawn,
" In failure of my pledge:—my fee—
" Not gold—but immortality!"

Follow the Muse, and she shall show
Where, stretched on useless purple low,
The banish'd day a darkness made,
Expiring, weak, the Sultan laid;
What form is that behind him creeps,
With eye of blue that never sleeps!

What glist'ning light darts from that eye!
What looks she on so fixedly?
Why that white hand with kerchief prest
Upon the panting Sultan's breast?
'Twas fear the entering Slave should see
The spot, that still looked bloodily;
For, all impatient of controul,
Scorched with the inward heat of soul,
Ne'er could the Sultan raiment bear,
Since first the spot had reddened there.
Oh 'twas a group for painter's art,
If skill were coupled with the heart!—
The haggard eye and sable beard,
The scar-marked cheek by sorrow seared,
A manly form of Grief's undoing,
A martial, royal form in ruin,
Stretched on a gorgeous sleepless bed,
A snow-white arm beneath that head,—
Her hair was loose, its threads, so bright,
Reflected back the rays of light:
She started—turn'd—for her quick ear
Heard footsteps treading lightly near,—
A voice speaks hope, an angel sings,
And comes with healing in his wings!—

" Selim! look up, my life, my love,
" At length my prayers thy prophet move;
" For once the treasure of thy land
" Give now to Zulica's command,
" And all to him shall be secure,
" Would it were more, for Selim's cure!"

Some men there are of such a soul,
So born to live beyond controul,
That all seem subjects to their skill,
And kings themselves obey their will.
E'en such a man this stranger seemed,
And his stern eye so fiercely beamed,
As though he brought from Heav'n commi
To LOOK a tyrant to submission!
" *Alone!*" he said, his upward hand
Was second to his stern command.
" *Alone!* we must confer!"—Surprize
Awhile lights up the Sultan's eyes;
But he spake not.—The slaves are gone—
At his nod vanished—all but one;
The unperceived amidst the gloom
Of that dark melancholy room;

Unseen she stood, or if perceived,
A thing inanimate believed!
She stood like form of Parian mould,
As white, as goddess-like, as cold!
Her heart was pure as Etna's snow,
The fires within like Etna's glow!
High as his top her hopes aspire,
Hot as his flames her bosom's fire!
Like Etna, too, her fiercer soul,
Glows all unconscious of controul!
Harmless awhile,—aroused—will make
Th' astonished world with terror shake;
As angel good—than devil worse—
By turns a blessing and a curse,
As fate her erring bark may guide
Adown life's rough and changeful tide!

The stranger paused, as if to scan
The inmost workings of the man;
And *when* he spake, as from the tomb
The swelling accents seemed to come:
" Sultan, attend! and be thou sure
" I come to minister thy cure:

" I scan thy malady, and find
" The body's sickness in the mind.
" Stranger that eye to needful rest!
" Red the stained spot upon thy breast!
" Thou need'st not bare that breast to me,
" E'en thy heart's throes I clearly see!"—
" Forbear," the Sultan cries, " nor wrong
" Thine office with so rude a tongue.
" If thou canst heal—I know thy thought,"
He said,—" thy secret shall be bought."—
A poor man's thought may be too high
E'en for a Sultan's gold to buy.
" These simples, cull'd with curious hands
" From the deep wilds of foreign lands,
" Have from my art a hidden power
" To still the agonising hour.
" But in my heart the secret lies,
" At my own will the secret dies.
" Stronger than thou may bootless find
" A monarch's empire o'er a mind;—
" But thou art mine;—thy lip shall share
" The produce of my midnight care!"

He takes the cup, and as he quaffs,
Aloud the darkling Stranger laughs.

" Now, mighty Sultan, I can tell
" What passes in the gulphs of hell:—
" Lurid and red, and dull the glare,
" Where the deep damned in torments are;
" And thou shalt soon that gloom amaze,—
" The roofs of hell shall brighter blaze:
" Sluggish and slumb'ring now, 'tis tame,
" I'll pour in oil upon that flame,
" And in that deep, within an hour,
" *Thy blood-drop*, Sultan, will I pour;
" And the dark fiends, that idly stand
" On the red brink of that fell strand,
" Shall see thee fall, and shout for joy,
" Their sleeping snakes have new employ.
" I see thy pangs increase:—Again!
" That pang again!—May tenfold pain
" Wring thy cursed form!—Nay, die not yet,
" The blood-drop on thy vest is wet:
" I had a wife—and son—thy hand
" Drove to their hearts the murd'rous brand.
" Daughter I had—would she had died,
" A victim—at her mother's side—
" But she has fled—her tarnish'd fame
" Hangs like a mildew on my name—

" Some harem holds her; were it thine,
" Did this with other crimes combine,
" I'd call thee back, nay, make thee whole,
" To keep for torture here thy soul.
" Hah! dost thou groan?—thy pulses glow,
" And pain-drops stand upon thy brow.
" Now think upon the days gone by,
". Of victims in their agony;
" And learn thou, in that only school
" That wakes the villain and the fool,
" What 'tis in cureless pain to lie,
" To sue unheard, unpitied die!"

There was an eye that saw, an ear
That heard—'twas Zulica's—with fear
Trembling, she thought that voice she knew!
Her throbbing heart beat quick and true!
Her brain turn'd round; the passing scene
Was a wild vision, or a dream!
Again that pang her Selim shakes,
And from her trance the maid awakes.

The Stranger cried,—" To seal thy doom,
" Some flitting ghost has left the tomb;

" See, thro' yon long and dark arcade
" Comes gliding on some parted shade!"
It comes and shrieks: now ill betide
The sire that sees a parricide!
A moment in her arms she holds,
A moment to her heart she folds,
The dying prince; one kiss she took,
One tender dying parting look;—
Her sire that Stranger was! a blow
From his mad child has laid him low!
And she, unconscious of the deed,
Smil'd as she saw her father bleed,
Kiss'd the wet poignard, smote her breast,
And speechless sank to endless rest!

FAIRY LAND.

It came, as Aladdin uprose at thy call,
The lattice of gems in that peerless hall.
A land where the sky was as April's sky,
When the blue streak spreads, and the clouds pass by.
And yet it was changeable, shine and showers
Alternately lighted and wept o'er the flowers.
There sprung together each blossom that grows,
For the snow-drop was sleeping under the rose;
The ivy was wreathing around the vine,
And the violet lay on the golden pine;
It often was lonely:—the lover's light lute
Breathed sweetly when birds and leaves were mute;
And if a sigh stole on the air,
It turn'd to music in wandering there.
Sometimes, as glimmer the shadows o'er glass,
We saw thrice glorious visions pass:
Palaces, lighted for midnight and mirth;
Cities, whose towers were the wonders of earth;
Pageants, that sparkled with gems and with gold;
Banners, that swept with each purple fold,

Heavy from broiderie; plumes of snow,
With the meteor-like eye that flash'd dark below;
And shining cuirass, and silver shield,
Told of warriors bound for some gallant field.
Then chang'd the scene to some festal room,
Where the steps were light, and the cheeks were bloom;
And dancers link'd each ivory hand
In the maze of the graceful saraband;
And the ruby wine cup fresh lustre shed,
As the lips that were quaffing it lent it their red.
Then it changed again to some orange grove,
Where a gentle cavalier whispered love;
And words were murmured so low, so clear,
That the nightingale paused in his song to hear.
" Now tell me where is this lovely strand,
I deemed not our earth such fairy land:
Is it our own fair queen of the main,
Or Italy's gardens, or sunny Spain;
Or is it some isle the Atlantic hides,
Like a treasured gem, 'mid its azure tides?"
" Now, out on thy guessing, canst thou not see?
I speak of the fair world of poesie."

LINES

TO THE TULIP TREE IN ESHER PLACE, ONCE THE RESIDENCE OF CARDINAL WOLSEY, NOW THAT OF J. SPICER, ESQ. WRITTEN IN THE SUMMER OF 1827.

TREE of the olden time, be mine
To visit at thy solemn shrine,
When o'er thy dark majestic boughs
The moon a holy stillness throws,
And pale thou stand'st beneath her light,
The lonely genius of the night!
O, who shall say what feet have trod
Upon thy root's encircling sod!
What weeping eyes thy branches made
Their hidden sorrow's grateful shade!
What mailed hand amid thy bowers,
For beauty's breast, despoil'd thy flowers!
What knees in penitence have knelt!
What mind its inspiration felt!
Or, since thy lofty head was first
A germ, in earth's warm bosom nurs'd,
What waves of human life gone by,
Thro' ages to eternity?

Singly thou stand'st, half scath'd, half green,
Emblem of all thy date hath seen!
Like them in thy sweet spring-tide gay;
In autumn withering sad away:
Now vext by storms; now softly fann'd;
Now struck by lightning's fiery brand;
Now glitt'ring thro' the noonday bright;
Now buried under shades of night.
But diff'ring here, that few, and fast,
Their years of troubled being pass'd,
Whilst thou, tho' centuries are o'er,
Yet wear'st the bloom thou didst of yore:
Slow in decay, with mighty force
Disputing time's o'er-mast'ring course;
And yielding but in parts thy bow'r
To sure destruction's creeping power,
Say, when that direful hour must be,
What eyes the awful change shall see!
How many ages more must pass,
Like shadows o'er the sunny grass,
Ere thy hoar head at length be laid
Where stretches now thy summer shade,
And to thy vacant place men come
To hear the story of thy doom.

O, could thine own fall'n branches tell
What memories in their ruins dwell,
What mightier ruins they have known,
Of greatness in its strength o'erthrown,
Would they not speak of many a name
Blurr'd or embalm'd by storied fame,—
Of Henry's guilt, and Wolsey's fall!
Of the fair Boleyn's blood-stain'd pall!
Of martyr'd Askew's virgin bier!
Of gray-hair'd Salisbury's madden'd fear!
Of gallant Surrey's pen and plume,
His passion, promise, and his doom!
Of crowns and idols, altars, broke
By Luther's heav'n-directed stroke,
And Britain's sons at once set free
In glorious Christian liberty!
Tree of the olden time, whene'er
I come thy stilly gloom to share,
Ere yet the silver moon hath spread
A halo round thy honour'd head,
'Mid the full thoughts which varying rise,
As clouds take shapes in ev'ning skies,
O be there one abiding still,
(Deep, earnest, warm, unchangeable!)

Adoring thought! that here no more
Dark minds (as in dark days of yore
By mitred pontiffs falsely shriven)
Buy license, with the grace of heav'n!
That here no more the rack and stake
A bigot's thirst for murder slake!
Nor loftier heads upon the block
Yield to the tyrant's mortal stroke;
Nor fraudful priests that book withhold
Which tells how Christians taught of old.
Hail to the times, thou patriarch tree!
Which thy strong stem hath liv'd to see;
When round the altar and the throne
Stand free, unfetter'd souls alone,
Liege subjects all, where freedom reigns,
And rightful law the state maintains;
Where but one mighty God is sought,
One Saviour, one salvation taught!
O never be the gust that sways
Thy topmost bough, or lightest sprays,
Mixt with the incense and the pray'r
Which gods of wood and painting share
With Him, eternal and alone,
Whose being is in mercies shown;

But ever from our sacred fanes,
Whether on wilds or crowded plains,
From ev'ry Christian heart and home,
Still may the same pure worship come!

TO MY WIFE,

ON OUR WEDDING DAY.

YES, five long summers, love, are past,
Since first our mutual vows were plighted;
But heaven unites our hands at last,
Whose hearts have been so long united.

That vision of a prosperous day,
Which led our hopes from year to year,
Is yet, perhaps, as far away,
As when we first believed it near;

But wasting time has not betrayed
This loyal bosom from its truth,
Nor stolen, from my blushing maid,
The lustre of her lovely youth:

Her lips can smile as sweetly yet,
As when they won this heart of mine,—
Her clustering locks of glossy jet
As richly wreathe, as darkly shine,—

And, all undimmed, those eyes so bright
  Still glance their clear meridian beam,
Through lashes long, that shade their light
  Like willows by the sunny stream.—

Though vain thus long your lover's toils,—
  Though vainly yet he strive again,—
Still, still he has his Laura's smiles,
  At least he has not loved in vain!—

And if from life's horizon now
  Some gayer tints are past away,
That gilded, with too bright a glow,
  The early morning of our day,

Yet, as those orient colours fly,
  A clearer noon expands above:
The ray serene of constancy,
  And heav'nly light of perfect love.

AN EXTRACT

FROM A LETTER TO A YOUNG FRIEND ABOUT TO DEPART FOR INDIA.

HENRY, what say'st thou? Can we not devise
A readier mode of friendly intercourse
Than rare, uncertain, slowly-sailing ships
Can proffer us? I know a messenger
That travels swifter than the wind, that keeps
A straiter, surer, more unerring course
Than e'en the carrier dove; a messenger
That makes no stop to bait or rest himself;
Whom winds and tides affect not; whom deep vales,
Steep rocks, and mountains that o'erlook the clouds,
Arrest not in his flight; who holds his way
All unmolested, and as strait returns.
Lo! at this moment, while I frame the lay,
I see him gliding, like a globe of fire,
Far o'er the western main—he flies—he sinks,
In a few fleeting hours his radiant face
Will touch the tops of India's hills with gold.
When thou art far from us—when thine eyes behold

This heavenly herald rising in the morn,
Think that he brings thee, from thy friends at home,
A thousand thousand blessings. In return,
When we behold him in his golden car
Riding sublimely o'er our eastern hills,
We too will hail him, conscious that he comes
Fraught with a load of treasures back from thee,
As rich as those we sent thee; hold not this
An idle fancy, a mere poet's dream,
Pleasing, but fleeting as the red and gold
Yon cloud has borrow'd from the setting sun
That shine with such a lovely radiance now,
And now are vanish'd. Henry, not with me
So fleet the impressions that my heart receives
Of love and friendship. I shall often gaze,
In my lone wanderings, on the westering sun,
And say, " Roll on, thou heavenly harbinger!
Roll on in brightness to my friend's abode;
Go, bear him light and life and health and joy,
And say, I bade thee bring them!"

A BALLAD.

UPON her saddle's quilted seat
High sat the bonny Lowland Bride;
Squires rode before, and maidens sweet
Were gently ambling by her side:
What makes her look so pale and wan?
She's parted from her Highlandman.
(*Chorus*) What makes, &c.

Where'er they pass, at every door
Stood maids and wives the sight to see;
Curs bark'd, and bairnies, by the score,
Ran bawling loud and merrily.
But still the Bride looks dull and wan;
She's thinking of her Highlandman.
But still, &c.

The Lowland Laird, in Bridegroom's geer,
Prick'd forth to meet the fair array;
His eye was bright, his voice was clear,
And every word was boon and gay.

Ah! little did he reckon then
On bold and burly Highlandmen.
Ah! little, &c.

The Bride she rais'd her drooping brow,
And red as crimson turn'd her cheek;
What sound is that? The war-pipe, now
Descending from yon broomy peak.
It sounds like marching of a clan;
O can it be her Highlandman!
It sounds, &c.

Their bonnets deck'd with heather green,
Their shoulders broad with tartan bound,
Their chequered hose were plainly seen,
Right fleetly moving to the sound.
Quick beat her heart within a ken
To see the valiant Highlandmen.
Quick beat, &c.

Now challenge-shout is heard, and soon
The bare claymores are flashing bright;
And off scour'd many a Lowland loun,
Who ill could brook the fearful sight!

" The Fiend," quoth they, " from cave and glen
Has pour'd those stalwart Highlandmen."
The Fiend, &c.

Then pistols from their holsters sprang,
Then wax'd the skirmish fierce and hot,
Blades clashing fell, and harness rang,
And loudly bluster'd fire and shot.
For, sooth to say, the Bridegroom then
Full bravely met the Highlandmen.
For, sooth to say, &c.

And so did all his near o' kin,
As Lowland race such stour may bide;
But sank at last the mingled din,
And where was then the bonny bride?
Aye, ask at those who answer can;
Ask at the cunning Highlandman.
Aye, ask at those, &c.

The Bridegroom, in a woful plight,
Back to his furnish'd hall is gone,
Where, spread on boards so gaily dight,
Cold has the wedding banquet grown.

How chang'd since break of morning, when
He thought not of the Highlandmen.
How chang'd, &c.

And who, upon Benleddy's side,
Beneath his shieling, blest and gay,
Is sitting by that bonny Bride,
While round them moves the light strathspey?
It is the flower of all his clan,
It is her gallant Highlandman.
It is the flower, &c.

ELEGY.

KLOPSTOCK AND SELMA.

KLOPSTOCK.

Ah! should we part, my Selma! reft by death!
If first expectant heav'n reclaim thy breath,
My life—if life—would linger slow away
Thro' days like nights, thro' nights more drear than day!
Each hour, that once in thy embraces past,
Each minute, so enjoy'd too sweet to last,
Year after year one unremitted woe,
Where each past moment did with bliss o'erflow.

SELMA.

Ah! must we part, my husband, reft by death!
If first expectant heav'n reclaim thy breath,
Thro' life—if life—for thee I lonely weep,
Days without hope, and nights that know not sleep,
Each hour that in thy smile's pure sunshine beam'd,
When tenderest tears from mutual transport stream'd;
Year after year one unremitted woe,
Where each past moment did with bliss o'erflow.

KLOPSTOCK.

Wouldst thou my death a few, few days outlive?
And I thro' years of woe thy loss survive?
A few fleet moments would exhaust my breath
When I behold thee, Selma, pale in death:
One moment, that my hand to thine be prest,
So may I kiss thine eye, so sink to rest!

SELMA.

First, husband, die! that misery ne'er be thine,
That thou, ere yet a corse, shouldst look on mine!
Ah! should I e'er behold thee, thee in death,
Ere yet one mournful moment close my breath,
Once more my hand should to thy hand be prest,
So sigh once more thy name, so sink to rest.

KLOPSTOCK.

Thou! thou survive? that misery ne'er be ours,
That thou, ere dead, shouldst count my dying hours!

SELMA.

I, I survive! my pray'rs are heard on high,
Pray'r steep'd in tears, that thou, thou foremost die!

KLOPSTOCK.

How well thou lov'st! these tearful eyelids tell:
Feel my heart throb: thou lov'st, alas! too well.

Shalt thou survive? Shalt thou the anguish prove,
To view me dead, thou, Selma! soul of love;
Was there a speech, a language that reveals
What my empassion'd heart for Selma feels?
Ah! could this eye, this look, these tears that start,
This interrupted sigh that breaks my heart,
Speak a celestial language, that reveals
What my adoring heart for Selma feels!
Were there no tomb to hide the stone beneath
Two hearts that only for each other breathe!
But since ye are, ye graves that never close,
May we at once together there repose!
Grant, God of love, my soul's intense desire:
May, hand in hand, both, both at once expire!

SELMA.

Husband! with thee I die.—Hear, Thou in heav'n,
One death—oh, hear!—to Both at once be giv'n.

THE LYRIC MUSE.

THE Lyric Muse in elder days
Over Graia's Mountains stray'd:
And the warriors lov'd to gaze
On the heaven-descended Maid:
They heard her, 'midst the choral throng
Warbling, pour her Attic song:
They heard her, round the holy shrine,
Lift the rapturous hymn divine:
While, upturn'd in extasy,
Roll'd the wildly flashing eye.
But, when around the Elean Goal
She saw the Victor's Chariot roll,
She seiz'd the harp, she wing'd her flight,
And Pisa's God-like Chiefs stood trembling at her height.

Melting soft in tender mood,
She the harp delighted swung,
When the Lesbian virgins stood
Listening, as their Sappho sung.
Youth had bound, with flowery braid,
The tresses of the beauteous maid;

And Love, with lustre half divine,
Gave each glowing grace to shine;
Cupids, with their silver wings,
Hover'd o'er the glittering strings:
She struck, and, at the heavenly sound,
The Passions mov'd obedient round,
While Harmony, with eye uprais'd,
Smit with the rapturous strain, in silent wonder gaz'd.

Where, O sweetest warbler! where,
When Freedom left the Grecian shore,
Thy harp desponding didst thou bear?
What regions did thy steps explore?
What shadowy cave, what lonely dell,
Conceal'd from view thy silent shell?
Sluggard ages roll'd away,
And wanted thy immortal lay:
Till Rome, in Cæsar's classic reign,
Thrilling, heard thy magic strain.
And hark! on Anio's wooded steep
Thy living lyre the Graces sweep:
The listening warrior drops the spear;
And Conquest bows her crest, and smoothes her brow severe.

What purer fires, O Goddess! tell,
Gleam round thy favour'd poet's brow?
That rarely shrin'd in mortal cell,
Thy wonderous spirit deigns to glow?
Though once, on Eastern plains, they say,
'Twas thine with Persian maids to play,
All, in azure vesture clad,
By the springs of Rocnabad;
While danc'd the rosy-bosom'd hours
In Mosellay's delightful bowers.
But o'er the west a Gothic foe
Forbad thy living notes to flow:
Mute where the plains where Horace sung;
With Fancy's voice no more the Attic valleys rung.

But, beaming rays of glory far,
Learning rears her laurel'd head,
Beauteous as the morning star
Rising o'er the ocean bed.
From her lore, with graceful ease,
Nature learn'd again to please,
And Truth and Fancy soar'd on high,
Catching spirit from her eye.

Where, then, awoke the Theban lyre?
Not amid the Roman quire,
Though, with pomp of noble song,
Tasso charm'd the listening throng;
Nor yet in Gallia's polish'd court:
Nor where, with Tagus' nymphs, the Muses lov'd to sport.

No; amidst the western main
She sings, and bids her Britons hear;
Not Tiber, nor the Lesbian plain,
Nor Dirce's Grecian fount so dear;
There, the work of Fancy's hands,
'Midst cloud-capt rocks her temple stands:
Fill'd with a wild enthusiast heat,
I wander near the sacred seat.
I stop;—above, beneath, around,
Strange, mysterious voices sound.
I gaze;—and on a secret shrine
Lies the chorded shell divine.
I list; and Dryden wakes the lay,
And Arun's tender bard, and philosophic Gray.

TO A SUICIDE.

DISTURB'D by guilt, oppress'd with gloom,
Rashly fliest thou to the tomb?
And think'st that heavenly glories shine,
Unhappy man, for souls like thine?
The dread, the unhallow'd thought recall:
Let the lifted dagger fall.
When youth, yet innocent of guile,
Wears in death a peaceful smile:
When they, whom years and virtue crown,
Sink, as to gentle slumber, down:
Then is op'd the golden sky:
Then 'tis happiness to die.
But foul with guilt, perplex'd with care,
And rack'd by maniac dark despair,
Ere contrition, holy guest,
Hath visited thy aching breast,
Ah! stop; and tremble to appear,
Where angels enter but with fear!

STANZAS

SUGGESTED BY PSALM LI.

I.

FATHER of Mercies, God of Love,
Far from thy sight my sins remove,
Whatever guilt my conscience fears,
Remit to penitential tears.

II.

Oh! clear my breast from every stain,
The wrong, the impious, or the vain;
Correct the false, confirm the true,
And my whole mind to right renew.

III.

Where shines thy face, from that blest ray,
Oh, cast me not in wrath away!
But let thy Holy Spirit bide,
My Guardian, Comforter, and Guide.

IV.

Thy care, where'er my footsteps bend,
Along my pilgrimage extend;
Make me in health thy goodness know,
In sickness to thy wisdom bow.

v.

In dissolution's fainting hour
Thy cup of consolation pour,
Bid terror from my couch retire,
And my rapt soul in joy expire.

ON THE DEATH OF A CLEVER CHILD,

AT EIGHT YEARS OF AGE.

In infancy a child, a youth, a man,
In one short space life's various race he ran;
Exhausted nature could no more supply,
But, to be still progressive, he must die.

TO A CAVERN ON THE SEA SHORE.

I LOVE thee well, thou solitary cave,
Though thee no legend or of war, or love,
Or mermaid issuing from her coral grove,
Ennoble: nought beside the fretful wave,
That round thy portal arch does idly rave,
Hath wak'd thine echoes: nor in lonely age
Hath seaman sought thee for his hermitage,
That ocean's voice might lull him in his grave.
I love thee for his sake who brought me here,
Companion of my wilder'd walk, and bore
A part in every vision dim and dear,
In which the tranced spirit loves to soar,
When gales sigh soft, and rills are murmuring near,
And evenly the distant billows roar.

SPRING FLOWERS.

THE loveliest flowers the closest cling to earth,
And they first feel the sun: so violets blue,
So the soft, star-like primrose, drench'd in dew,
The happiest of Spring's happy fragrant birth.
To gentlest touches sweetest tones reply:
Still humbleness, with her low-breathed voice,
Can steal o'er man's proud heart, and win his choice
From earth to heaven with mightier witchery,
Than eloquence or wisdom e'er could own.
Bloom on, then, in your shade, contented bloom,
Sweet flowers, nor deem yourselves to all unknown.
Heaven knows you, by whose gales and dews ye thrive;
They know, who one day for their alter'd doom
Shall thank you, taught by you to abase themselves and live.

AUTUMN.

THE falling leaf repeats the mournful tale
Of beauty faded, and retiring joy;
Some golden reliques float on every gale,
And nature's death comes hastening to destroy.

Brief is that death:—and is not ours the same?
The mystic voice, that wakes the newborn year,
With mightier sound shall from the dust reclaim
The friends we mourn in chilly sorrow here.

Oh! as the Spring adorn'd with flow'rs will rise,
So may their virtues bear a deathless bloom;
And spread and brighten in serener skies,
Sav'd thro' the silent winter of the tomb.

LINES,

WRITTEN IN REMEMBRANCE OF AN EVENING PASSED IN COMPANY WITH SIR JOHN STEWART IN THE YEAR 1814.

In sooth, it was a fair and lovely sight
To mark the hero in his hour of rest,
Like summer cloud, in ev'ning's radiance bright,
Reflected on the lake's unruffled breast.

And slept, then, in that calm and pleasant cloud,
Which life's declining rays so richly gild,
That thunder, whose reverberation loud
Th' expanse of Europe's wide horizon fill'd?

Yes: wouldst thou know how loud its vollies spoke,
Go ask of Maïda's ensanguin'd field,
Where Gallia's ranks the pealing tempest broke,
And bade her bravest hearts to Britain yield.

And still that cloud, how soft soe'er it show,
As tho' ambrosial dew it might contain,
Waits but the touch electric of a foe,
To pour its patriot thunders forth again.

O! rather, borne on ev'ning's softest gale,
May it approach the fount of endless day;
With western course in tranquil glory sail,
And clear and brighten as it melts away!

ANSWER

TO A

CAMERONIAN LOVE-SONG POEM

OF

NITHSDALE AND GALLOWAY.

" THOU HAST SWORN BY GOD, MY JEANNIE."

YES, Jamie, by that awfu' name
I ha' plighted thee my faith,
And mine be sorrow, mine be shame,
Gin I forget the aith!
The heart that ance hath warm'd to thee,
It is na' lack o' gold
(Tho' chill the grip o' poverty)
Shall ever make it cold.

Sure as the dawn, but breaking now,
Foretells the coming day,
Sae sure thy Jeannie's honest vow
Bespeaks her thine for aye;

Weel may the ties o' worldly minds
Frail and uncertain prove,
Its nae sic brittle chain that binds
Hearts touch'd by heav'nly love.

O could ye think but half I feel
About ye, when in prayer
Before a mercy-seat I kneel,
Ye'd ken your name is there!
'Tis then I learn what 'tis but ane
In heart and soul to be,
'Tis then I canna be alane,
Ye're aye my company.

Then, by yon glowing light above,
Let weel or woe befall,
Call when you will, my ain true love,
I'll listen to your call;
Mair blest with thee on coarsest fare,
And i' the humblest cot,
Than were I beckon'd up to share
The proudest lordling's lot.

Your words o' kindness thrill me thro',
I'm joyfu' tho' I greet,
This heart shall cease to beat for you,
When it nae mair can beat:
Ev'n then, if hope but whisper right,
Again I'll see your face,
And dearer still in glory's light
Than in the light of grace.

THE HUNTED STAG.

A SKETCH.

WHAT sounds are on the mountain blast?
Like bullet from the arbalast,
Was it the hunted quarry past
  Right up Ben-ledi's side?—
So near, so rapidly he dash'd,
Yon lichen'd bough has scarcely plash'd
  Into the torrent's tide.
Aye!—The good hound may bay beneath,
  The hunter wind his horn;
He dared ye thro' the flooded Teith
  As a warrior in his scorn!
Dash the red rowel in the steed,
  Spur, laggards, while ye may!
St. Hubert's shaft to a stripling's reed
  He dies no death to-day!

"Forward!"—Nay, waste not idle breath,
Gallants, ye win no green-wood wreath,

His antlers dance above the heath
  Like chieftain's plumed helm:
Right onward for the western peak,
Where breaks the sky in one white streak,
See, Isabel, in bold relief;
To Fancy's eye, Glenartney's chief,
  Guarding his ancient realm.
So motionless, so noiseless there,
His foot on rock, his head in air,
  Like sculptor's breathing stone!
Then, snorting from the rapid race,
Snuffs the free air a moment's space,
Glares grimly on the baffled chace,
  And seeks the covert lone.

DEFINITION OF " A LONG VISIT."

To define a long visit is something like saying,
What persons time creeps, trots, or gallops among;
On those it depends, who the visit are paying,
Whether *long* shall be *short*, whether *short* shall be *long*.

If prejudic'd pride, or formality prosing,
If smooth-tongu'd hypocrisy, vain affectation,
Curiosity pert, or stupidity dozing,
Should stay but a *day*, 'tis a long *visitation*.

If ignorance rude, or if slander's sharp voice,
If a poppin-jay coxcomb should pester your ear,
Or if clamorous revelry stun you with noise,
Each *minute's* a *day*, and each *day* is a *year*.

But if worth unaffected, if friendship sincere,
If talents exalted, and wisdom refin'd,
If candour, good sense, and good nature appear,
Enlarging, enlight'ning, enchanting the mind,
How swift flies the time, and how short is their stay!
Each *day's* but a *minute*, each *year* but a *day*.

ON HEARING MYSELF CALLED AN OLD MAN, FOR THE FIRST TIME, AT THE AGE OF FIFTY.

Ages have roll'd within this breast, tho' yet
Not nigh the bourne to flitting man assign'd;
Yes, old, alas! how spent the struggling mind,
Which at the noon of life is fain to set!
My dawn and evening have so closely met,
That men the shades of night begin to find
Dark'ning my brow; and heedless, not unkind,
Let the sad warning drop, without regret.
Gone youth! had I thus miss'd thee, nor a hope
Were left of thy return beyond the tomb,
I would curse life! but, glorious is the scope
Of an immortal soul. Oh, death! thy gloom,
Short, and already ting'd with coming light,
Is to the Christian but a summer's night.

CONVENT OF St. BERNARD.

AUGUST 13, 1816.

What spell, or what ethereal power,
Invades the lonely midnight hour,
  Turns from my couch sleep's hovering wand,
And, blending in my raptured view
Joy's vivid tints with misery's hue,
  Suspends my dream of Britain's land?

'Tis not St. Bernard's savage rocks,
'Tis not his frost-bound lake, that mocks
  The dog-star's ineffectual glow;
'Tis not, O Dranse, thy torrent hoarse,
Now foaming in its rugged course,
  Now shrouded in eternal snow;

'Tis virtue's self inspires the song,
She, who the desert crags among
  Dwells, fearless of th' inclement sky;
'Tis she who decks this wild abode
With smiles, and gives the praise to God,
  The spirit of meek charity.

Look where the seraph, soaring high,
Glances around her pensive eye,
With pity's tenderest moisture warm,
Heedful to succour, if, perchance,
Some wanderer in the bleak expanse,
And vanquish'd by the wintery storm,

To Heaven address his faultering prayer,
Heaven frowns, and aggravates despair;
No voice to cheer, no hand to save,
No prop the tottering footstep nigh,
His last sad hope is but to die,
His last vain wish some holier grave.

Hark! the bright seraph calls her band;
Responsive to her known command
They scale the cliff, they search the vale,
And, with unerring instinct wise,
Foremost the heaven-taught mastiff flies,
The boast of many an Alpine tale;

Eager to aid the wretch oppress'd
He speeds, and, pendant from his breast,
Presents the healing benizon;

St. Bernard's providential food,
That moves with vigour the dull blood,
And wine that glads the heart of man.

Nor ceases yet; (wine cannot stead
The sickening heart if hope be fled;
But hope flies back;) the friendly hound
Soothes him with many a fond caress,
Makes trackway through the wilderness,
And guides him to the holy ground,

Where Bernard's turret meets the sky,
Where Bernard's sons with glist'ning eye,
And zealous welcome, greet the stranger,
Chafe the chill'd limb, display their hoard,
And cheer him at the social board,
And teach him to forget his danger.

Ah! gentle Friars, though well I know
Ye slight the praise that men bestow,
And seek no earthly recompense,
Spurn not a tribute, issuing free
From lips unstain'd by flattery,
A tribute to benevolence:

Not the vain phantom, painted all,
With honied tongue and heart of gall,
  Nursling of the Parisian brain,
That prates philanthropy, but sows
Discord, corruption, chains, and woes,
  And mocks the credulous victim's pain;

Nor she, the mawkish ideot,
'Twixt vice and sentiment begot,
  The baby that Germania rears,
That pules fictitious ills among,
Feels sympathy for all that's wrong,
  And gives no alms but sighs and tears;

No: 'tis that mercy, that from high
Beam'd in the Saviour's ministry;
  'Tis love, that blessing most is bless'd,
That to pale hunger speeds relief,
And smooths the brow of pain and grief,
  And bids the way-worn traveller rest.

Farewell, ye gentle Friars, farewell!
The clime where kindred spirits dwell
  (If heaven approve my homeward way)

Shall hear me boast, in grateful strain,
My pilgrimage to Bernard's fane,
And renovate th' auspicious day.

Though needless of your fostering care,
Or, haply, if the woes I bear
Yield not to aids of brotherhood,
Ye gave the courtesy I sought,
The interchange of heart and thought,
The knowledge and the sight of good.

THE PEAT STACK.

SONNET.

The traveller, who has had frequent occasion to pass the high road between Ormskirk and Preston in Lancashire, may have noticed for many years a pile of turf for fuel, of unvarying dimensions during the winter and summer season. The following lines record its history.

UNTOUCH'D through all severity of cold,
Inviolate, whate'er the cottage hearth
Might need for comfort or for festal mirth,
That pile of turf is half a century old:
Yes, traveller, fifty winters have been told
Since suddenly the dart of death went forth
'Gainst him who rais'd it, his last work on earth;
Thence to the son endear'd, by such strong hold
Link'd to his father's memory, that his hands
Preserved the fabric, and do still repair
Its waste, though crumbling with each breath of air.
In annual renovation thus it stands:
Rude mausoleum! but wrens nestle there,
And redbreasts warble when sweet sounds are rare.

FROM ——— TO HIS MOTHER,

ON HER BIRTH-DAY, WHEN SHE HAD ATTAINED THE AGE OF SEVENTY-EIGHT.

THIS morning, ere yet I arose from my bed,
Your birth-day, dear mother, came into my head,
With a heart full of pleasure I welcom'd the date,
That marks your arrival at seventy-eight.

Then, reflecting how few, either women or men,
E'er attain to the limits of threescore and ten,
I ador'd the Almighty, whose goodness so great
Had preserv'd your existence to seventy-eight.

But when I consider'd the years that are fled,
And of those you lov'd living how many are dead,
"Surely vain," I exclaim'd, "is this poor mortal estate!"
And I pitied the sorrows of seventy-eight.

Still, to those who so number the days that pass on,
As of virtue and wisdom to lay up a store,
Whose wishes are humble, whose thoughts are sedate,
Some comforts remain e'en at seventy-eight.

Yes; they who have early accomplish'd the mind,
Ev'n in feeble old age many blessings may find,
And such is the case, I exult while I say't,
Of my excellent mother of seventy-eight.

Her patience and piety, goodness and sense,
Will live in remembrance many years hence,
Her praises too highly I never can rate,
Nor recount half her merits at seventy-eight.

Her tender regard, her attention and care,
I have felt from a child, but want words to declare;
Oh! let me then pay, ere it yet be too late,
Due homage to her and to seventy-eight.

Contented I'd live in the lowest degree,
To see her from care and anxiety free,
And while some court the rich, others flatter the great,
I bow to my mother of seventy-eight.

Might I live to behold her an hundred years older,
In the arms of affection I still would enfold her,
No distance of time would my ardour abate,
Or my love for my mother of seventy-eight.

And now I have only to sing or to say,
May you see many happy returns of the day!
And, another year gone, may the office be mine
To hail your arrival at seventy-nine!

A FRAGMENT.

* * * * * *
* * * * * *

SWEET was her silver voice, and musical
As the soft lute, whose melting accents breathe
O'er the still waters of a summer sea,
Touch'd by aërial minstrel;—thus around
Floated the passionate harmony, and stole
The poison'd soul from mortal cares away
Beyond the bounds of this terrene, and fill'd
With thoughts celestial, and the dreams of bliss
Extatic, and the concord of delights,
Which wait us, in the mansions of our rest,
Above the concave of yon chequer'd sky.
There was a fascination in her look,
Language is weak for its description;
'Twas thought embodied, when that glance of light
Unfolded all its radiance, and shone through
Her long, dark lashes: pensive 'twas, and mild
As Dian, sailing through an argent sea,
Dispersing all that livery of clouds,

Which shadow her pale crescent, and obscure
The melancholy lustre of her reign.
Oft have I listed to that voice so sweet,
Oft have I watch'd that fascinating eye,
Till all my mother's softness hath come o'er me,
And I have wept; but they were soothing tears,
And woke delicious sadness: ne'er, oh ne'er
Shall their soft fountains overflow again
To soothe my utter loneliness.

* * * * * *

The vision of my youth hath past away,
Its lustre turn'd to darkness; and despair
Hath circled, with his adamantine chain,
This desolate heart—for she is in her grave.

* * * * * *

HEBREW MELODY.

FROM JOEL.

SOUND, sound an alarm! let your clarions resound
Till God's holy mountain shall echo around;
Blow the trumpet in Zion! his wrath to record,
And tremble, oh earth! in the day of the Lord.

A day of thick darkness, of gloom and of shower,
Like clouds on the crest of the mountain which lower,
For the mighty in battle, the proud and the strong,
To quench all thy glories, are hast'ning along.

Around them are flames, and behind them despair,
In vain is resistance, in vain is the prayer,
Before them the garden of Eden they find,
Desolation and terror are blackening behind.

Like the blast of the desert their chariots shall sweep
On whirlwinds, which frown o'er the wide dashing deep,
And the pride of Judæa their horses shall tame,
With their hoofs of destruction, and nostrils of flame.

Oh! bright shine their arms, as the Gentiles press on,
From Acra, and Carmel, and Mount Lebanon,
And their chariots and horsemen shall scatter dismay
On the hosts led against them in battle array.

Oh! where is the strength of the mighty in war,
If the face of Jehovah be veil'd from afar?
Jerusalem, vanquish'd Jerusalem, mourn!
When, alas! shall the light of thy glory return?

THE SHIPWRECK.

IRREGULAR STANZAS.

" They that go down to the sea in ships, and occupy their business in great waters; these men see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep."—*Psalm* cvii.

LAST night I saw a vessel riding
Proudly on the ocean's breast,
And, in her naval strength confiding,
Welcome the gale, like well-known guest;
But louder, fiercer grew the storm,
For Heaven had sent an angry one,
It came in an appalling form,
It swell'd the waters, swept the land,
What could its fatal wrath withstand?
The power of God alone.

This morn, oh! rueful sight to see,
Prone on the foamy wave
Behold her cast—whilst furiously
O'er her the billows rave—

The gallant vessel, late so proud,
The grandest work of human hands,
Now, without rigging, mast, or shroud,
Upon a rock is seen to lie,
Whilst battering waves athwart her fly,
And wreck'd the vessel strands.

Alas! the day;—my spirit dies
At thought of such despair,
While grateful feelings glowing rise,
Of praise, of power, of prayer;
For, gazing on yon vessel's plight,
What awe o'erwhelms my soul
At memory of a fearful night,
When, like yon shipwreck'd crew, we strove
With waves below, and winds above,
That man could not controul!

Praise on my lips concedes to prayer
For those, whose hour of need
Obliterates ev'ry selfish care,
And bids the Christian plead

To Him, whom winds and waves obey:
Oh! God command them—peace!—
Assist, O Lord, do not delay,
For fellow mortals on the brink
Of death's tremendous gulf do sink,
Past mortal power's release!

But never past th' Almighty power,
O ye, of little faith, believe,
Acknowledge it,—and from this hour
A double life receive!
Snatch'd from the wild, devouring wave,
The humble pray'r is heard;
Omnipotence delights to save
When hope of mortal aid is gone,
And scorneth not the sinner's moan,
But speaks the saving word.

Miraculously snatch'd from death,
This shipwrecked vessel's crew,
(Retain it, memory, whilst I've breath!)
Are sav'd within my view:

'Tis not man's pride or skill can say,
My judgment does the deed—
'Tis not man's courage gains the day,
Nor earthly knowledge, earthly pow'r,
Avail in this tremendous hour—
'Tis God in time of need!

If there lives one, whose callous mind
Is dark and drear within,
If still to signal mercy blind,
By reason of his sin,
He does not feel this wond'rous grace
As coming from above,
Oh! may he mend his life apace!
That life so late in mercy given;
And, making peace with wronged Heaven,
Be reconciled to love.

WHO SLEEPS YON LONELY MOUND BENEATH?

I.

Who sleeps yon lonely mound beneath,
Thus rudely cast upon the heath,
Naked to wind and waters sweep?
Does here some wretched outcast sleep?
Yet many a footstep printed round,
Marks it for loved, for holiest ground.

II.

Yon lonely mound is all the grave
Of one who lived as live the brave,
Nor ever heart's devoted tide
More nobly pour'd than when he died;
Stranger, no tongue may dare to tell
His name, who on this red spot fell.

III.

These steps are steps of German men,
Who, while the tyrant's in his den,
Come nightly round, with silent tread,
To swear their vengeance on the dead;
Dead!—no; his spirit lightens still:
Stranger, thou see'st the grave of *Schill!*

THE "WISH" OF
DR. CYRIL JACKSON.

TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN.

O MIGHT I gently wear my life away,
Not moil'd by wealth, or power's imperial sway!
But rather, in some sweet sequester'd nook,
Uttering plain comments on the Holy Book;
With modest glebe, and tithes paid uncompell'd,
And not in title only "Reverend" held.
And oh! the Greek, the Roman muse be mine!
And mine a wife—worth more than all the nine!
What more? I bid Hope, Care and Fear, good-bye:
Remains but—last great task—to learn to die!

FROM M. A. FLAMINIO.

SUMMER's last lingering rose is blown,
The leaf has wither'd from the tree:
I hear the coming winter moan
Through the sad forest sullenly.

The north-wind's rage soft Zephyr flies;
And all the songsters of the grove,
Borne on his wing, 'mid brighter skies
Trill their sweet lays of joy and love.

Then quit we, too, the rural plain;
'Till Spring, with coronal so gay,
Woo young Favonius back again,
And chide his coy, his long delay.

Farewell, ye flowers, ye streams! and thou,
My home, than princely hall more dear,
Seat of my soul's delight, adieu!
I go—but leave my spirit here.

A GENTLEMAN TO HIS WIFE,

WITH A PAIR OF GARTERS, GIVEN ON HER BIRTHDAY.—1805.

KNIGHTS of the Garter swear to hold
True faith and honour uncontroll'd;
The fair to love, defend, respect;
The proud resist, the weak protect.
So promise I to thee, my fair,
Who these less noble strings shalt wear;
For time far hence, as well as now,
As true a faith, as firm a vow;
To check each passion, that might vex
The feelings of thy gentler sex;
And keep, as far as mortal may,
Distress and sorrow quite away.
This on thy birth-day I resolve,
And should it, as we hope, revolve,
And find us still, with senses clear,
Prepared to meet each coming year;
I swear that time shall never find
Less warm my vows, less fix'd my mind,
Less strong my gratitude to Heav'n
For thee and bliss together given.

A VISION

AFTER LOSING AT THE GAME OF " POPE."

SLEEP, that great balm of all sublimer ills,
Which cheers sad hearts and empty pockets fills,
Which lifts the beggar to the regal chair,
And makes each snoring alderman a mayor,
Late o'er my senses shed this pleasing dream—
O may the gods but make things what they seem!—
Methought, with many a heavy, bitter curse,
I sat bewailing o'er my empty purse.
" O purse!" I cried, " which late I scarce was able
To bear, the wind now blows thee from the table:
O caitiff Pope! with all thy saints or devils
Which fill the calendar, repair these evils!
O Fortune! blind, fantastic, fickle witch!
Why starve all merit to make blockheads rich?"
Scarce died the words upon my quivering tongue,
When, with a heavenly voice, the ether rung,
And lo! before my scarce believing eyes
The mighty goddess rose, or seem'd to rise.

Her form was such, old Homer's self would fail
To sing, and Zeuxis paint her with a veil:
Ev'n Venus, rising from the ocean's bed,
Before such beauty must have blush'd and fled.
A flowing mantle o'er her shoulders waves,
Embroider'd rich with kings and queens and knaves;
A crown of shining mother-pearl she wore,
And on her breast the nine of diamonds bore:
Silver-scal'd fishes glisten'd in her robes,
And her broad zone was all vast strings of cobbs;
Her wheel, so often sung by bards of old,
Was one vast pope-board wrought with massive gold,
Cut into pools, where golden fish are found,
But where, in fishing, many a wretch is drown'd;
A pink silk bag upon her arm was hung,
A slave behind her with a table slung,
A verdant hexagon of ample field,
Broader by far than mighty Hector's shield.
Slowly the goddess mov'd, and all my soul,
Struck with her beauty, knew no more controul;
In rapture on my trembling knees I fell,
And gazed on charms no mortal tongue can tell:
(So much all female forms, or young or old,
Yield, now-a-days, to brighter power of gold!)

But who can paint the gleam of joy that broke
Like lightning on my soul, when thus she spoke:—
" Erskine! had I been deaf as well as blind,
Could growlings loud as thine no passage find?
In smaller things, like great, let mortals know,
The low shall oft be high, the high be low.
My wheel, like other wheels, will still be found
On its own axis to turn round and round.
Not thine alone to murmur and complain,
Soon in the dust I drag th' immortal *Crane;*
These cobbs, he thinks the wages of his skill,
Shall leave his box, and thy lank pockets fill;
Here, Erskine!—these—so Fortune kindly wills—
Are talismans, that soon shall heal thine ills."
She said: when lo! in various groups display'd,
The choicest hands before my eyes were laid.
Here the delightful Pope show'd half his face,
Half-covered by a sweetly smiling ace;
The deuce turn'd up, the seven of diamonds next,
With three bright kings his spotted beauties mix'd.
Then o'er my head she wav'd an azure wand—
A board appear'd, and hail'd me eldest hand.
Straight the three kings, in struggle to get free,
Bounc'd out, nor heeded their precedency;

The seven of diamonds bore his monarch's train,
And the bright ace fell glittering on the plain.
Here the kind goddess whirl'd the circle round,
And cobbs and fish with eager eyes were found.
" Now, now," she loud exclaim'd, " now own my power!
Seize the rich prize, and bless the auspicious hour!"
She said: and straight, in sight of all the crew,
Thrice round my head the shining Pope I drew.
Pale was each cheek; each quivering lip betray'd
The awful presence of the heavenly maid;
But quivering lips and bloodless cheeks were vain,
And the dread nine fell thundering on the plain.
—As when the gods on some devoted oak
Send the quick lightning down with sulph'rous stroke,
The flocks around, in mute and wild amaze,
Leave the fresh herb, and on each other gaze—
So the poor popers, with dejected air,
Curs'd their remaining fish, and sullen stare.
No more the mirth with which loud echo rung,
Hush'd is each sound, and mute as death each tongue.
The golden obelisk before me stands,
Thus in a moment rear'd by heavenly hands;
And now, to shield it from malignant eyes,
I ope my purse to veil the envied prize—

When, ah! how fleeting every human joy!
Ah, Fortune, kind in sleep, awake, how coy!
The lying virgin sought the ivory gate,
I started—wak'd—and curs'd again my fate.

CANZONET FROM THE SPANISH.

So swift speed the moments of pleasure away,
That an age seems a year, and a year seems a day;
But change pleasure's smiles into misery's tears,
Our moments are days, and our days they are years.

Why, Fortune, in this art thou constant alone?
O haste, and the sad imputation disown!
Give the wings of the eagle to moments of woe,
But on pleasures the pace of the tortoise bestow!

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

You told me once my smile had power
To chase your cares away,
To shed o'er misery's darkest hour
The cheering gleam of day;
That I was all—your life—your light—
That, absent from my view,
You droop'd, as flowers at fall of night,
And I believed it true.

You told me once my accents fell
Like music on your ear,
That you were bound, as by a spell,
If I were only near;
That every purpose of your heart
From me its being drew,
From me it never could depart,
And I believed it true.

You told me once, what memory loves
With fond regret to trace,
While o'er past scenes it wildly roves,
Which time will ne'er efface;
But nought repining thoughts avail,
And vainly now I rue,
That you e'er told a flattering tale,
And I believed it true.

VINTAGE SONG.

I.

Form the group;—for o'er the main
Slowly sinks the red-orb'd sun;
Wake the music's cheerful strain,
For our vintage task is done.
Other hours have brought the woe,
Swift to come, and loth to go;
Other hours will bring again
Darkening thoughts of toil and pain;
But we bid them hence away
On our vintage holiday.

II.

Form the group;—advance, advance,
Now while sounds the vesper-bell;
Music—mirth—the song—the dance—
These become the vintage well.
For the juice, which now we press,
Many a future hour shall bless;
Bidding cares and fears depart
From the grief-corroded heart;

Kindling love and spirits light;
Making beauty's self more bright.

III.

Now the grape's empurpled blush
  Deepens in the setting sun,
Like these skies of evening flush
  When the vintage task is done.
Many a face is glowing now,—
But not anger fires the brow:
Hands are red,—but are not dyed
With the battle's sanguine tide:
All around us cries " be gay"
On our vintage holiday.

IMITATION OF HORACE.

BOOK I. ODE IX.

THOU seest how Skiddaw's wintry crown,
White with deep snow, looks chillness down;
Nor more the labouring woods can bear
The burden which their branches wear;
And streams, that flow'd in June at will,
Fix'd by the piercing frost, stand still.

Dissolve the cold, thy hearth pil'd high
With crackling faggots, round and dry;
And bid in generous goblets shine,
Old as thyself, thy choicest wine,
Born of the grape, that glow'd beside
The castled Rhine's transparent tide.

Entrust to Heav'n the rest, whose pow'r,
Whene'er it wills the tranquil hour,
Can lull these winds, that, wild and free,
Now battle with the stormy sea;
Till moves nor ash, nor cypress fair,
Nor aspen waves its silver hair.

Inquire not what of joy or gloom
Lies buried in to-morrow's womb;
But each new day, undimm'd by pain,
Thy fate allots thee, count for gain:
Nor thou, while youth can aid thy sighs,
The dance and gentle love despise.

Such thoughts will come, the time too near,
With hoary locks, and age austere:
Now, in thy spring of manhood, court
Or easy mirth, or vigorous sport;
And twilight's lingering march deceive
With softly-whisper'd vows at eve.

Now hear her tell-tale laugh betray
The maiden, innocently gay,
Behind some darken'd corner's screen
Conceal'd, yet willing to be seen:
Now from her arm the pledge unclasp,
Or hand not obstinate to grasp.

WHAT IS THE WORTH OF LIFE?

What is the worth of life?
This speck in time—this atom in its void—
This faint spark glimmering 'midst perpetual strife
For toys scarce grasp'd, and not an hour enjoy'd;
This shifting sand, to none a rest or home,
Poor isthmus 'twixt two gulphs—the past and the to-come?

Aye! what is life to man?
There must be *some* eternity beyond;
Some boundless contrast to this hair-breadth span
Of feverish cares, and wishes vainly fond:
Whate'er its shape or nature, round the dead
Some Infinite must rise—some vast "For Ever" spread!

It may be (can it be?)
Infinite nothingness! a world swept o'er
By one absorbing wreck, one shoreless sea,
Where Being measures time and space no more;
A blank, where consciousness can never gleam;
A leaden sleep, that knows no waking and no dream!

If it indeed be thus,
Then round the festal brow fresh roses twine;
Then be the paltry present all for us,
Steep'd in the reckless merriment of wine!
Yet shall each laugh with hollow mockery ring;
And death o'er pleasure's board his forward shadows fling.

But if man's life may gain
(Brief though it be) bliss heav'nly, endless, pure,
Such as nor eye can see, nor thought attain,
While guilt, and woe, and darkness, yet endure;
For this "Hereafter," virtue's prize on high,
It is a gain to live, and happiness to die!

SONNET,

ADDRESSED BY A DYING POET TO HIS WIFE AND FAMILY.

FROM THE ITALIAN.

CONSORT of faith approved, loved sons, I die—
I die, and life and it's vain follies close:
'Tis heaven's high will—I bow me reverently;
Nor, had I power, would I that will oppose.

I leave your love's rich treasure with a sigh,
But not with me it's being shall it lose;
Me still, dear wife, thou'lt love in them: still I
Shall have their honour, as on thee it flows.

Sons, wife, adieu—I leave you all—adieu,
But not for aye!—The certain trust is mine,
That your sweet faces I again shall view.

Oh, with my relics to the grave's dark shrine
Descend this hope, to it's bright object true—
The couch, on which they may in peace recline!

FROM M. A. FLAMINIO,

TO HIS FARM.

DEAR mansion, once my father's home!
Sweet farm! his pride and joy;
Ye could not shield, ye could not save,
When he was carried to the grave,
His little orphan boy!

A stranger came with iron hand,
Lord of that evil day;
And drove me forth, with weeping eye,
To seek, through toil and poverty,
My miserable way.

But now my gracious prince restores
His poet's home again;
He comes, with his victorious reed,
To teach the river, mount, and mead,
A proud yet grateful strain.

He comes, in yon dear latticed room
To dream of childhood's days;
He comes, beneath his father's trees
To mix with rustic melodies
The great Farnese's praise.

Break forth! my father's blessed home,
Thou prize of minstrelsy!
He comes, thy good old master's son:
Up with thy tuneful benison,
Give praise and melody!

FROM THE SAME,

TO A FRIEND.

Oh Ludovick, to thee and me
How pitiful life lingers here!
What angry god can thus design,
What evil destinies combine,
To keep a soul like thine or mine
The wrangling city's prisoner?

If thirst of fame, or lust of gold,
E'er guided us, I'd not complain;
But why hath Rome so long possest
Spirits, whose only wish is rest—
On my Lavinian garden's breast,
Or thy Albinum's shadowy plain?

Delicious fields, tired Labour's couch,
The haunt of every Muse and Grace!
Will this unnatural life supply
Enough of vital energy,
That once again my languid eye
May seek it's verdant resting-place?

Oh! take me to thy placid breast—
  Take me, thou rural scene divine!
Bid luxury and pomp away
(For city-boards more fitting they!)
Here spread, in bountiful array,
  Thy olives, figs, and pensile vine;

And, when my destined hour is come,
  Beneath the green turf let me lie:
Haply some laurel there may spread
It's drooping foliage o'er my head,
And some sweet streamlet wail the dead,
  With gentle murmur stealing by!

THE COMPLAINT OF THE VIOLETS.*—1828.

By the silent foot of the shadowy hill
We slept in our green retreats,
And the April showers were wont to fill
Our hearts with sweets;

And though we lay in a lowly bower,
Yet all things loved us well,
And the waking bee left its fairest flower
With us to dwell.

But the warm May came in his pride to woo
The wealth of our virgin store,
And our hearts just felt his breath—and knew
Their sweets no more!

And the summer reigns on the quiet spot
Where we dwell—and its suns and showers
Bring balm to our sisters' hearts—but not—
Oh! not—to *ours!*

* Which lose their scent in May.

We live—we bloom—but for ever o'er
Is the charm of the earth and sky—
To our life, ye heavens, that balm restore—
Or—bid us die!

ON VISITING MOUNT K———,
DURING THE ABSENCE OF ALL MY FAMILY.

AIR.—AULD LANG SYNE.—1823.

Some years had past, and friends were gone,
In other climes to roam,
When, landed on my native shore,
I sought my youthful home:

For wheresoe'er our footsteps rove,
As varying fates incline,
Unchanging still the heart will turn
To scenes beloved " Lang Syne."

I reach'd the dear remember'd spot—
To greet me there once more,
No lightsome forms, with bounding haste,
Sprang thro' the opening door.

Alone, within my father's halls,
No gentle hand pressed mine,
No echoing voices waked around
The song of " Auld Lang Syne."

Yet thro' each room I fondly rang'd,
Some object dear to see,
And wept, as ev'ry pictur'd face,
Unconscious, looked on me.

I ran from out the silent walls
To wander thro' the grove;
There nature smil'd—still brightly fair—
Like dream of early love.

With breathless haste I climbed the bank
Where oft her charms divine
" Could raise the thought, and touch the heart,"
In days of " Auld Lang Syne."

I gaz'd upon the dark blue sea,
Far o'er its lengthening line,
Alas! beyond the farthest wave
Were all I loved " Lang Syne!"

I left the place, and strove to think
I should not thus repine,
Since Heaven with store of present bliss
Had balanced " Auld Lang Syne."

But ah! though time's all-chastening power
Should teach us to resign
Illusions vain, by fancy wove
In days of " Auld Lang Syne,"

Yet may some feelings cherish'd then
With present thoughts combine,
Nor Heaven condemn the tear, that falls
In memory of " Lang Syne."

THE FOLLOWING

LINES

WERE SUGGESTED BY A BEAUTIFUL PASSAGE IN A GREEK PASTORAL.

Ah me!—though savage winter's iron reign
Chase every flow'ret from the distant plain,
Again the spring shall twine her early wreath,
Again the rose her summer fragrance breathe,
While by each gushing fountain's mossy side
Again shall blow the lily's snowy pride;
But we, the brave, the beautiful, the great,
Yield, slowly lingering, to eternal fate,
While o'er the sickening gleam of faded light
Oblivion pours the vale of endless night.

ON CROSSING THE ATLANTIC.

Yes, mighty Atlantic! thy wide-stretching sea,
'Tis now the third time, that I spread my sail o'er;
Yet I joy not to view thee, nor sooth do I see
Aught which tells me I ever have seen thee before.

And yet, when on land to old scenes we return,
What thousand reflections each moment arise,
With joy now we meet, or with anguish we burn,
As things once familiar start fresh to our eyes.

And even through deserts, most naked and dreary,
Who is he, that his footsteps has chanc'd to retrace,
But has mark'd with emotion, tho' lonely and weary,
Some object, which tells him he's been in this place?

But to thee, savage ocean, no objects are giv'n,
Thro' all thy vast seas thou art always the same;
We know them alone by their coast and the hav'n;
The only distinction they bear is, a name.

The sole mark, which is made by the quick passing keel,
With foam and with roar is that moment effaced;
What thou wert at the day of thy birth, thou art still,
One wide, undistinguished, bare, uniform waste.

SONNET,

WRITTEN ON EASTER EVE.

WHERE are the mansions of departed souls?
Above—beneath—around us:—do we move
Still in the presence of the friends we love,
Our guardians now? or, as the starry poles,
Are we dissever'd? while between us flows
A gulph impassable? Does Eden's grove,
Like Lethe's fabled stream, oblivious prove
To human loves, as well as human woes?
No; we are still one family, combin'd
By Faith and Hope's subsisting charities,
And in the essence of unbodied mind
Subsist, unbroken, chaste Affection's ties.
For our beatitude the blessed wait;
Their faith, in pascal songs, we celebrate.

SONNET.

My son, despise not the chastening of the Lord: neither be weary of his correction.—PROVERBS, chap. iii. verse 11.

And so, after he had patiently endured, he obtained the promise.—HEBREWS, chap. vi. verse 15.

BEAR ye the rod of chastisement, nor faint
Beneath paternal discipline, abide
The fervor of that furnace, which hath tried
Patriarch and prophet, martyr, priest, and saint.
All who through tribulation's hard constraint
Have gain'd their Father's house, Faith was their guide,
And Patience her meek ministry supplied,
Tempering the bitter waters of complaint.
Lost they a son belov'd, a brother kind,
Beyond e'en nature's bond, a spouse ador'd?
Yes, they gave all, and, with a soul resign'd,
Found in their God, whate'er they lost, restor'd;
And we shall reap the harvest they enjoy,
Unless our rebel griefs the germ destroy.

THE CHAPEL.

In sooth it was a goodly pile to see,
That Chapel old, albeit sore forlorn,
For though its roof, whose lofty majestie
Once looked upon the distant floor in scorn,
Was now commingled with it, while the thorn
And nettle o'er its pride their triumph won,
Time's scythe had not so diligently shorn
The fabric's glories, but that every one
Who gazed might recognise a giant's skeleton.

High in the air the Gothic columns sprung,
With niche and cloister'd gallery atween,
Which erst to sound of monkish anthems rung;
But now they hear no psalmody, I ween,
Save when the wind, their organist unseen,
Seems o'er the aisles a requiem to howl,
Making sad music with the thistles green,
And, 'stead of response chaunted from the cowl,
Answer'd from crumbling quires by hooting of the owl.

Statues there were, out-peering from their height,
Of saints, who seem'd to gaze in grim despair,
Their heads, as if in mockery, bedight
With flow'ry halos, while their bodies wear
Garlands of ivie-twine, and here and there
Devices quaint of painted glass remain'd,
Reflecting on the floor a rainbow glare,
Which graves and stones-armorial dimly stain'd
And darken'd every tomb from which its light refrain'd.

Pilgrims might here, who came to meditate
The shallow vanities of mortal doom,
An emblem see of sublunary state,
A thistle springing from the pompous tomb,
Whose pride the earth is gaping to resume:—
Knight, abbot, squire, the same oblivion owns,
All lie forgotten in their narrow room,
Crush'd and confounded with the sculptur'd stones,
Rais'd as perpetual guard and record of their bones.

ON VISITING THE COLISEUM.

I HAIL thy desolation, blood-stained pile!
'Tis as it should be:—'mid the prostrate halls
Of justice and of piety, where senates
Gave peace to nations, or the white-rob'd choirs
Chaunted Hosannas to the King of Kings,
There let the stranger ruminate,—then weep
Old Time's insatiate ravages;—but *here*,
Where earth is rank with carnage—blood of man
Wasted in hideous revelry by man—
Whilst coward wealth and bloated pow'r look'd on,
And congregated myriads grinn'd applause,
In frantic exultation; e'en the maid,
With lip disparted, and suspended breath,
Gasping in curious eagerness, survey'd
The writhe of mortal agony—shall we weep?
Weep, that the tide of time has swept them hence,
And left their mansions desolate—their halls
Of murderous triumph silent, echoless,
As their own groves?—that rapine's felon hand
Hath rent thine ample architrave, dislodg'd

Thy deep imbedded cornice, and unlock'd
Thine adamantine vault's gigantic mass?
Yet thou art beauteous!—from thine every pore
A thousand dreams, of ages pass'd away,
Crowd on the eye of fancy—from the arch,
Tier above tier, in long succession pil'd,
Thro' which the azure canopy of heaven
Gleams in unclouded brilliance, to the vault,
Black in its dense profundity of shade;
Whilst o'er thy mould'ring galleries clust'ring wild
The tangled foliage, nature's mantle, veils
In graceful negligence the guilty scene.
Be ever thus, proud fabric! with that front
Of blasted grandeur, still to after ages
(More eloquent than all the lore of schools)
Whisper of earth's mortality; and thou,
Stranger, if well attun'd thy thoughts, receive
The solemn lesson; turn thee from the glare
Of guilt's unwieldy splendour, to the good
Thy soul's athirst for,—the supremely fair,
The merciful, the generous;—these alone,
When thy soul sickens at successful crime,
Thine every inward sense shall recognise,
As well befitting an immortal mind!

NOLI TANGERE.

The branch is stooping to thine hand, and pleasant to behold,
Yet gather not, although its fruit be streak'd with hues of gold.
The cup is dancing to thy lip, and fragrant is the wine,
Yet dash the untasted goblet down, though lusciously it shine.

For bitter ashes lurk conceal'd beneath that golden skin,
And, though the coat be smooth, there lies but rottenness within:
The wings of pleasure fan the bowl, and bid it overflow,
But drugg'd with poison are its lees, and death is found below.

SILENCE BROKEN.

I.

My harp in long repose has slumber'd,
And poppy wreaths are twining round it;
Hush'd are the tones which once it number'd,
And chill'd the hand which used to sound it.
I little thought again to crown
Its shatter'd frame with leaves of bay;
But, asked by thee, I take it down,
And dash the gather'd dust away.

II.

With faltering hand the chords I try,
And to departed measures turn;—
Hark! to your wish the strings reply,
And with their former rapture burn.
Still those remember'd notes I hear,
The prelude of love's early vow,
When first my bosom held thee dear,—
Dear then, but, oh! far dearer now.

III.

One call alone o'er me has power,
As Mammon's image heard but one;
Silent until its fated hour,
Then vocal only to the sun.
For when the God of Glory woke,
Fresh inspiration from him flow'd;
Warm'd by his gleams the marble spoke,
And with its wonted music glowed.

THELEMA AND MACARIUS.

FREE TRANSLATION FROM VOLTAIRE.

THELEMA, beauteous, young, and gay,
Trifled her giddy life away;
Often was anxious, oft deceiv'd,
Distracted, agitated, griev'd;
For he she lov'd, of placid mind,
To bias opposite inclin'd,
A youth he was whose cheerful air
And sweet composure banish'd care;
Alike averse to torpid ease,
Or joys that wisdom must displease;
He clos'd his eyes in soft repose,
To calm delights his mornings rose,
And every day she lov'd him more,—
Macarius was the name he bore.
Thelema ardent, anxious, strove
Incessantly to mark her love;
Conscious with warmer flames she burn'd,
His equal tenderness she spurn'd,
'Till, tir'd of jarring and caprice,
Macarius sigh'd, and fled for peace.

While she pursued his steps in vain,
And sigh'd for him who caus'd her pain,
Alas! she felt, that life must prove
A curse without her absent love.

And first she bent her way to court,
Macarius sure might there resort:
" Is he not here?" she anxious cried.
The sneering courtiers turn'd aside,
Remark'd it was a foreign name,
And pray'd she'd tell from whence he came,
Wish'd she'd describe him and his air.—
" He whom I seek," replies the fair,
" Is cheerful, generous, firm and wise,
" Disdains all arts and mean disguise,
" Yet so complacent and so mild,
" His converse every heart beguil'd.
" No envious cares his breast corrode."—
" Seek him not here," rejoins the crowd,
" Within the purlieus of a court
" Such men as this will not resort."

And now to town she bent her way,
For there Macarius might stray:

She marks a holy cloister's spires,
And seeks him there her soul desires.
" Oh! in these sacred mansions tell
" Does my belov'd Macarius dwell?"—
" Him you demand we have not seen,
" Within these walls he ne'er has been,"
Replied the Abbot to the fair,
" 'Tis true he is expected here,
" But now we wrangle, fast and pray,
" And yawn our useless life away."—
" Lady, renounce a search so vain,"
Drawls out a pale-fac'd monk again,
" Pursue no more your long-lost love,
" For he is gone to Heav'n above."

" Alas!" the weeping beauty cries,
" Shall not Macarius glad my eyes!
" He must, he sole exists for me,
" To him I bring felicity,—
" High heaven foredoom'd me to his arms,
" And yet shall crown me with his charms,
" For I'm his element, his fate!"
The Friar smil'd—and clos'd the grate.

Now thro' the city pass'd the fair,
To seek her lost Macarius there;
She thought, perchance, the youth might be
At Paris with the beaux esprits.
Of their urbanity and sense
She felt they made no vain pretence;
And they had sung her lover's praise
In sweet harmonious, flowing lays;
Macarius, yet, of whom they write,
Had never bless'd their anxious sight.

The Courts of Law behold are nigh,
Thelema sighs and passes by;
For well she knew in fix'd disdain
He held dark Themis' gloomy brain;
When sordid views, and slow delays
Destroy the wretched clients' days,
And leaves it doubtful who's most curst
That wins at last—or loses first.
She felt, in this unhallow'd fane
To seek Macarius was vain.

But sift ye now—gay scenes have charms
To win her lover from her arms;

Music's sweet spell, in wanton hour,
May lead the wanderer to her bower:
Melpomene, Thalia gay,
Seduced, perhaps, his steps away;
For every novel scene may prove
Attractive to a truant love.

At splendid galas, fêtes select,
Macarius she may expect;
And oft, where graceful beauties sway,
And roses breathe and Cupids stray,
Fancy would trace, in gay disguise,
The object of her hopes and sighs,
And who, to please the anxious fair,
E'en strove to imitate his air:
But, ah! their very efforts prov'd
They were not he Thelema lov'd.

Vain, fruitless search, no hopes remain,
But days of sorrow, nights of pain;
In useless retrospect she mourns,
And to her cheerless home returns:—
Macarius here, O blest surprise!
Once more Macarius meets her eyes.

To Grecian pedants powder'd o'er
With reverend dust of classic lore,
Thelema and her love must be
Acquaintance of antiquity,
And this light allegory show
The destiny of man below:
Macarius all may fondly prize,
But keen pursuit the truant flies,
To shelter under woodbine shed,
And there conceal his modest head;
He knows, that envy strikes the fair,
Who boasts herself his tender care;
And shuns the crowd for verdant groves,
To wander with the maid he loves.

VERSES

TO MISS ALEXANDER, DAUGHTER OF JAMES ALEXANDER, ESQ., M.P., (AFTERWARDS MRS. STRATFORD CANNING,) WHO HAD ASKED HIM IF HE HAD EVER KNOWN A GEORGINA IN REAL LIFE.

You ask if I had ever known
In real life Georgina's beauty,
Her look so sweet, so all her own,
Her modest grace, her sense of duty?

Can I be thought or light, or bold,
Or will not all for sense adore me,
If I say yes, when I behold
The lovely form that stands before me?

Her chastened, yet her rosy smile,
Her laughing, yet reflecting eye,
Her temper'd mirth, that knew no guile,
And in a dimple lov'd to lie;—

These, from his own creative art,
The downright painter never drew,
For though his picture mov'd the heart,
'Twas only by his copying *you*.

TO A LADY,

SINGING FROM THE IRISH MELODIES

"GO WHERE GLORY WAITS THEE."

CEASE, Lady, cease that plaintive strain,
Though warbled sweet the melody,
For, oh! it wakes a thronging train
Of fond regrets, that brooding lie
Deep in the cells of memory,
To wring my throbbing heart with pain.

For I have heard that strain before,
And still upon my fancy dwell
Those tones, as, on Iberia's shore,
They mingled with the surge's swell,
Breathing from lips I loved so well—
Oh God! to think they breathe no more!

Those lips, whose last expiring sigh
Was gently, fondly breathed on mine,
In my heart's dearest treasury
That holy relic I enshrine,
Nor would for offer'd worlds resign
That sad, that tender legacy.

And when I hear some gentle air,
That I have heard in happier days,
I seem to see that form so fair,
And hang upon her parting gaze,
While on my lips her soul delays,
Again she dies, and I despair.

Then, Lady, choose some other lay,
Nor touch the chord, that thrills with woe,
Perchance some ditty, wildly gay,
May teach my thoughts a calmer flow,
If haply I such calm may know,
And charm awhile my griefs away.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO A LADY AT THE GREAT FÊTE OF FIREWORKS IN THE TIVOLI GARDENS AT PARIS, 1815, IN HONOUR OF THE FRENCH KING'S BIRTHDAY.

LIKE some fair votary at the flaming shrine
Of Persia's idol robed in light divine,
While mimic thunders burst in festal fires,
The lonely Briton trembles and admires.

But oh! if ever to that altar came
A form so gentle, so divinely fair,
The priest had left unwatch'd the sacred flame—
Like me—to gaze, to worship, and despair.

CHRISTMAS.

CHRISTMAS returns—but with it comes no more
The light and joyous spirit, which of yore
Was wont to make this old hall's echoes ring
With song, and dance, and mirth, and wassailing!
The frolic revel, chastened by high sense,
The sparkling wit, the social eloquence,
The charm of that exalted mirth we see
When Genius gives its aid to Gaiety,—
All these are gone! and this beloved scene
Now only serves to tell of what *has* been.
Oh! what a mournful pleasure haunts the sight,
Of scenes of former joy—of past delight;
'Tis as the corse of one but newly dead,
The form's unaltered, but the soul is fled!
And 'tis so here: the leaves, which decked the tree
In all its summer pride, have ceased to be;
By Winter's with'ring hand of all bereft,
Nought but the cold, bare, leafless trunk is left!

CHRISTMAS EVE, 1820.

TO A——H——,

ON THE 27TH OF FEBRUARY, 1826.

WHAT, though old Time hath turned his glass,
And mowed down years, as men mow grass,
Since first in boyish numbers I
Invoked my laggard muse, to try
How best my " true love" I might sing,
And homage to my Anna bring
On that blest day which gave her birth,
And lighted up *my* path on earth!
What, though the spring of life be past,
Or summer wane, or autumn cast
Her lengthening shadows o'er the scene,
To boast we're not what we have been!
Are we not still, as in our prime,
Spite of this grim old tyrant Time,
The same? though changed to outward view;
As when, in early days, we knew
No ill, or ill not deem'd to be,
No care, unsoothed by sympathy;

When every mutual wish, exprest
In blessing, made each other blest!
What hath old Time achieved on these?
Let worldlings reason as they please,
We'll tell them, love, each foregone year
Hath made the passing one more dear;
And though the sum of life that's gone
Makes briefer that which is to run,
Our hopes are tracked in purer light,
Which nearer shines, and shines more bright!
That love hath feelings ever new,
Refreshing as the morning dew,
Like flowers that on the margent grow
Of streams which unpolluted flow.
We'll tell them, love, and tell them true,
Though Time may with a softer hue
Invest the scenes which Fancy drew,
Reason hath still confirmed each tie,
And proved love's dream—*reality*.

THE MOURNER'S APPEAL.

O Power Supreme, my Maker and my God!
To thee with supplicating knees I bend:
If I am doom'd to feel thy chastening rod,
Do thou one ray of heavenly hope extend,
And leave me not, my Father and my Friend!
Without thy aid my spirit sinks oppress'd,
For sin and sorrow bow me to the ground;
With thee, O Lord! my drooping soul would rest,
With thee, where comfort can alone be found:
O teach my heart that calm and better way,
That leads to immortality and bliss;
Expands the portals of eternal day,
And bids me spurn a world so vain as this—
A world of disappointment and distress!

BENEVOLENCE.

In Fortune's hour when all is bright,
No cloud to dim the heart's delight,
To wish this joy with those to share
Who bend beneath the blast of care;
Or, when distress and grief betide,
And woes on woes are multiplied,
From others such a trying state
In earnest prayer to deprecate,—
Is, mark of virtue and of sense,
Gentle and pure Benevolence.

And to extend the saving hand,
The storms of suffering to command,
Its angry frownings to dispel,
And whisper, All may yet be well,—
To seek the virtuous, and uprear
The worthy, chilled by want or fear,—
To aid distress, and succours lend
To those who have no earthly friend,
And o'er the waste content dispense,—
Is weariless Beneficence.

But raising first to heaven the eye,
And catching its pure sympathy,
Back on the earth the glance to send,
And with the will the action blend,
Which grief consoles, and want supplies,
Relinks the broken social ties,
O'er others' faults oblivion throws,
For others' weal unceasing glows,
And glory gives to God above,—
Is God's own spirit, Christian Love.

LINES

ADDRESSED BY A YOUNG WIDOW TO HER SLEEPING CHILD, IMITATED, WITH SOME ALTERATIONS, FROM SOME LATIN LINES, (SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY DR. MARKHAM, ARCHBISHOP OF YORK,) ON THE SUBJECT.

THOU sleep'st, my child! and still may sleep
Thine eyes in gentle bondage keep!
Here on this throbbing bosom lie,
Unconscious of thy misery!
The noiseless steps that softly fall
Across the long, deserted hall,
The horror of yon dreary room,
Involved in silent fun'ral gloom,
Thy little sister's broken sighs,
Thy mother's speechless agonies,
All these to thee no grief express,—
Wrapt in thy blest unconsciousness,
Thou know'st not, that a father's fate
Hath left thee orphaned—desolate!
That father, whose caressing arms
So late embraced thy playful charms,

Who, as he bade thee climb his knee,
Smiled fondly on thine artless glee,
And, as he taught thy lisping tongue,
O'er every half-formed accent hung.
Still o'er thy rosy lips, my boy,
Flit the bright smiles of wonted joy;
Sleep on—and may'st thou gently rest,
Free from such pangs as rend the breast
Of thy poor mother.—When, oh! when
Will sleep like thine visit *these* eyes again!

TO ELIZA,

THE 11TH OF SEPTEMBER, 1827,

THE ANNIVERSARY OF HER BIRTHDAY.

Now I descend into thy grave, and there
My spirit, gazing on thy lov'd remains,
Dwells on thy form and beauteous forehead, where,
Untouch'd by death, its high arch still retains.
And then thy last sweet smile, serene and mild,
Which thou didst beam on me, my lovely child,
In the same hour that death did close thine eye,
I now behold in dread serenity.
But can I find thy blessed spirit here?
Search, Spirit, search, for only thou canst tell
Her dwelling. Thou knowest by promise where
That spirit now in bliss supreme must dwell.
Fly, Spirit, fly, to where the utmost sky
Supports the thrones of glorious Majesty,
And there behold her, through Redeeming Love,
In heaven.—But if thou canst not soar above,
Then rest thy wearied wing on the last star
That verges on the glorious galaxy

Of light and life. And thence behold afar,
Beyond the limits of th' extended sky,
A vast diffusive beam of love and joy,
Spiritually perceptive: and there
See angel forms, as points of light employ
Their brilliant faculties in praise and prayer,
And saints, in their Redeemer's garment dress'd,
Enjoy the sight of God, the blessing of the blessed.
And see'st thou not a beauteous Spirit rise
Far in the distance, like the star of morn?
That bright inhabitant of those bless'd skies
Is thy redeem'd Eliza, newly born:
Born of "The Spirit;" by her dear Lord received,
On whom she trusted, and in whom believed.
Bless'd Spirit! how resplendent to my sight
Thy beamy smiles of joy, thy robes of light:
O happiness divine! O bliss of endless joy!
Eternal pleasure, bliss without alloy!
Thy dear Redeemer now before thy eyes,
And all Jehovah present in the skies,
Thy Father—unto whom thy constant prayer
Was but to give the lowest mansion there;
But now, for sake of Him, thy Saviour Lord,
Gives all thy prayer, and more, a saint's reward.

Bless'd is thy lot! And bless'd am I to know
That thou art there with God. While I below
Remain on earth my pilgrimage to fill,
And wait the season of th' Almighty's will,
In faith and hope to pass that utmost star,
From whence my buoyant spirit sees from far
Thy blessedness, and hopes through Christ to be
In God's good time, my child, in bliss with thee.

REFLECTIONS.

When *we*, O Lord, are tempted to repine
At the light evils of our happier lot,
Bring to our eyes those suffering sons of thine,
Slain 'mid fierce burnings, who forsook thee not!

Let holy Latimer's expiring age
Shame our complaints; subdue to thy command
Our rebel hearts: let Cranmer's virtuous rage,
Atoning terribly the guilty hand.

"Take up your cross!" the Saviour plainly spoke:
Audacious scorners of thy righteous will,
We bear no burthen, and we feel no yoke,
Save that which presses and delights us still,

The burthen of the world, the yoke of sin—
Oh, ere too late, awake us from this trance,
Almighty Father!—let thy light within
Cast on the startled soul a saving glance.

Prompt at thy call arise we, like the Jew
Who left the gainful traffic of his lake,
And follow'd Christ—like them, the undoubting few,
Who lost earth's glories for their Saviour's sake;

The Conqueror, who dropp'd his bloody sword,
And twin'd the peaceful olive round his brow;
The learned Greek, who sought the living Lord,
And felt philosophy was folly now;

The Virgin-Martyr, in the bloom of youth,
In beauty's bloom, who smil'd upon the grave;
Her radiant eyes fix'd full upon the Truth,
And seeing *Him* in Heav'n, omnipotent to save.

Such be our ready Faith to hear thy call,
Our firm Obedience such.—But, thanks to Heav'n!
No persecuting fires that Faith appall,
To that Obedience no hard task is giv'n.

The Church has rest—yet still, to bear their cross
In easier combats must her soldiers dare;
With Heav'n their gain, and Sin their only loss,
Can Mercy's self their base desertion spare?

PSALM CXIV.

When Israel, by divine command,
From out the house of bondage came;
God's presence led the chosen band,
A cloud by day, by night a flame;

The shrinking sea before him fled,
And Jordan's rapid stream flowed back;
And mountains bowed the trembling head,
And rocks were rent in Israel's track.

Why does the sea disclose her bed?
And why does Jordan's stream retire?
Why reel the hills, while Sinai's head
Is darkly bright with clouds of fire?

Well may the waters shrink with fear,
The rocks be-rent, the mountains nod,
When He, in terror clad, is near,
The Lord of nature—Israel's God!

RECOLLECTIONS.

I saw thee in thine earliest prime,
And now it does me good to see,
Lady, how gently passing Time
Has laid his heavy hand on thee.
I saw thee 'midst a youthful throng,
When life was new, and hope was high,
Theme of the poet's first-born song,
And loadstar of the scholar's eye:
But them we ne'er may meet again,—
Some sleep within a hallowed grave,
And some upon the battle plain,
And some beneath the sullen wave;
And some within the cloister's shade
Are dreaming out the lazy year;
And some bemoan the stroke that made
Their life without a hope or fear.
Swale rolls his sparkling current yet,
And Easeby's banks are green and gay;
And eyes that beamed, and hearts that beat—
Lover and loved—have passed away.

But, gentle lady, time and care
  Have scarcely touched thy cheek and brow;
I saw thee in thy spring-time fair,
  Yet scarcely fairer then than now;
An honoured husband smiles on thee,
  Around thee blooms a lovely line;
Lady, I never hope to see
  A fate or form more fair than thine.

ANSWER OF GODFREY TO ALETE.

FROM TASSO.

ENVOY, most courteously thy language flows,
  Tempering the unwilling heart with gentle phrase;
If thy king love me, thanks the Bouillon owes;
  His is the vantage, if our deeds he praise.
To that part next, wherein thy message shows
  The war which Heathendom combined arrays,
I will reply, as ever I deem best,
Free thoughts and plain, in simple words exprest.

KNOW, we have borne all toils, and still endure,
  By land and sea, in bright and gloomy hours,
For this alone—to make the way secure
  Unto those sacred venerable towers;
Favour with God and merit to ensure,
  His city rescuing from tyrannic powers:
Nor deem it grievous, so we this attain,
To peril worldly honours, life and reign.

No thirst of gain, no thoughts that proudly swell,
Spurn'd us to this emprize, or were its guides;
(Father of Heav'n! such hateful plagues dispel,
If nurs'd amongst us in one breast it hides,
Nor suffer there its pleasing bane to dwell,
Which sweet, but deadly, to each vital glides!)
But God's own hand, which softens and controuls
The hardest hearts, and penetrates our souls.

This sent us forth, this leads us ever nigh
To ward each hidden snare, each open foe;
This renders mountains level, rivers dry;
Takes heat from summer, from the winter snow;
This curbs the sea's tempestuous mutiny,
Reins up the storms, and lets mild breezes blow;
By this are lofty ramparts burnt and ta'en;
By this are armed bands dispers'd and slain.

Hence springs our boldness, hence our hopes are born,
Not from our own strength, impotent and frail;
Not from the steel by Franc or Grecian worn,
Not from our stout armada's oar and sail;

If not of Heaven abandoned and forlorn,
We little ought to reck, though others fail.
Who knows how its bared right-hand smites and saves,
No other help in any danger craves!

But of that aid if Heaven our arms bereave,
For our own sins, or judgments veil'd in gloom,
Which is the slave amongst us that would grieve
To lie, where God's own limbs have found a tomb!
We will die, envying not those we leave;
We will die—but not unavenged our doom,
Nor shall proud Asia with a smile relate,
Nor any plaint of our's bemoan our fate!

Think not we fear and shun the peaceful day,
As deadly war is hateful to mankind;
Dear is thy Monarch's friendship, and we may
In willing harmony with him be joined:
But whether Palestine be his to sway
Thou knowest.—Why, then, hither bend his mind?
Joyful and tranquil let him rule his own,
Nor bar our progress to a foreign throne.

TO A LADY,

ON HER RETURN FROM INDIA.

She had gone thither on her marriage with the Rev. Thomas Robinson, Archdeacon of Madras. After having lost two children, her health obliged her to return with the others, whom she left in England, for the purpose of education.

I.

In fresh remembrance, lady, gleam'd thine eye
Of quick intelligence, thy form and mien
Of overawing grandeur, and the high
Endowments of thy mind, tho' long unseen;
Tho' half the globe was interpos'd between.
New ties have bound thee to that Eastern shore;
Yet did no sigh for England intervene?
No wish to hear the western ocean's roar?
And see thy country, kindred, early friends once more?

II.

Again we greet thee in thy native land;
But where the wonted smile? the roseate streak?
Affliction hath past o'er thee; and the hand
Of India's sun hath touch'd thy faded cheek.

And hither comest thou, the solace weak
Of faintly renovated health to find;
Again beneath those sultry skies to seek
Him, who still owns thy hand, thy heart, thy mind;
And leave the remnant of thine offspring far behind.

III.

Did lucre lure him to that withering clime?
Or glory call him to the battle plain?
Runs he the course of rapine, fraud, or crime,
Some dregs of injur'd India's wealth to drain?
He went, Embassador of Heaven, to train
The Heathen to his Saviour's pure commands;
To give the Hindoo more than worldly gain:
His warfare stretches o'er no earthly lands;
His wealth is not contain'd in mansions made with hands.

TO A YOUNG ETONIAN,

ON RECEIVING FROM HIM A SNUFF-BOX TURNED BY HIMSELF, ACCOMPANIED BY A COPY OF LATIN VERSES.

" Inque *vicem* nunc *Turnus* agit."
——— " Varia confusus *Imagine rerum*
Turnus !"

One good *turn*, we are taught by a very old saw,
Another deserves;—this is tit for tat law.
So that you, my friend Edward, thus dextrous and learned,
For your *box* and your *verses*, both skilfully *turned*,
In justice demand that some means I should find
For paying up both—as *we* clerks say—" *in kind*."
But alas! my poor muse, who at least was a botcher,
Has escaped, since I thought it not worth while to watch her.
Whilst my hands, although pretty strong hands in this way,
No skill in mechanics, or *turning* display,
And could yield in *return* nothing better, I fear,
To your *box for the nose*, than a *box on the ear*,
Which might give offence to " six feet without shoes,"
And supply something stronger than snuff to *my* nose;
So leaving both *Hex* and *Penta*-meters grazing
In Eton's fair fields, where their growth is amazing,

Where in streams—pure Castalian—your muse loves to bathe,
And in turn turns you in, for a *turn* at your lathe
Take my thanks, they are all that is left me to give,
And my blessing, by which I've no doubt you will thrive.
May you prosper in *turning*, and ne'er turn aside
From what's right or what's good—but if ill should betide,
Turn your faults to account—let your errors be brief,
And resolve to *turn over* what's called a " new leaf."
Turn out for a friend—but turn round on a rogue,
Turn away from a fop—though the dandy's in vogue.
Turn again, if opponents unjustly assail,
And be sure, above all things, you never " *turn* tail."
And though bad times *turn* up, and misfortune's afloat,
Be firm to your creed, boy, and never *turn* coat.
Thus a great *turner*, you shall all *Turners* surpass,
Even him who shows faces in boots like a glass,
Who out-herods bold Hunt, and great Warren forestalls,
Who blackens our city, and whitens its walls.

ON BEING FORCED TO LEAVE ENGLAND FOR A MILDER CLIMATE.

WRITTEN ON BOARD A SHIP GOING TO MADEIRA.

HARD, very hard, I ween, my wayward lot,
Who boasting for my place of name and birth
A land which is, in sooth, surpassed not,
Save in one point, by any land on earth;
A land through all the world revered, renown'd—
The first in science, as the first in arms—
With beauty, virtue, and with freedom crown'd—
Where, save the climate, all is deck'd in charms;
Hard is my lot, thus driv'n away to flee
From all these blessings, by this ill alone;
Driv'n o'er the tedious and tumultuous sea
Regions to seek, of men and tongues unknown,
Where all that moves the thought, or meets the eye,
All is unseemly—save the earth and sky!

SONNET,

BY GAET. PASSERINI,

ADDRESSED TO HIS NATIVE CITY.

If on thy war-seam'd form—form once so fair—
I gaze, my Genoa, with unweeping eye,
'Tis not a thankless child's cold-hearted stare:
'Twere treason to thy fame, to heave a sigh.

Thy ruins tower majestic in the air,
Trophies of firm resolve and purpose high;
Where'er my glance is thrown, my steps repair,
Marks of thy valour in thy wreck I spy.

Bravely to bear, surpasses conquest's pride!
Thou wreak'st a noble vengeance on thy foe,
Who thus, unflinching, meet'st destruction's tide:
Bright Freedom bending o'er thy form I saw;
She kiss'd with smiles each shatter'd dome, and cried,
"Ruins, I own: but slavery—slavery—no!"

ON A SUNNY MORN OF APRIL.

On a sunny morn of April,
When the air is soft and sweet,
When the gushing rills are sounding
In the valleys where they meet,
When fleecy clouds are sailing
In Heaven's blue serene;
When tuneful groves are waking,
And the earth is freshly green;
If youth be bright,
And the bosom light,
How gladly roves the raptured sight
O'er all the varied scene!
How soars the spirit in her flight
With newer life, and eager wing,
And deems it is enough delight
To be a living, feeling thing!
While Memory oft that flight delays,
To tell the bliss of other days,

And Fancy all her powers employs
In far and visionary joys.
But unto him who feels the sting
  Of settled grief, or recent sorrow;
The loveliest scenes no pleasure bring;
  No promise of a brighter morrow.
By him the budding sweets of spring,
  The gladness of the sun and air,
The woods that wave, the birds that sing,
Or wheel aloft on heedless wing,
  Are all unmark'd, or add to care,
If mark'd, a deeper, heavier feeling,
  And minister to his despair,
  To see that things can be so fair,
To feel that Nature is revealing
  New joy and life to all around,
  While he alone is wretched found;
So much the mind for woe or bliss
Upon itself dependant is.
Then if some dream of happiness
  Remembrance fondly bring,
How shall it soothe his deep distress
  Who wakes to suffering!

'Tis as some harp did move again
An old and long-forgotten strain,
  Which one he loved would sing;
Oh, it is sweet to hear! but only
Leaves the poor heart more sad, more lonely!

" THEY ONLY MAY BE SAID TO POSSESS A CHILD FOR EVER WHO HAVE LOST ONE IN INFANCY."

Our beauteous child we laid amidst the silence of the dead,
We heap'd the earth and spread the turf above the cherub head;
We turn'd again to sunny life, to other ties as dear,
And the world has thought us comforted when we have dried the tear!

And Time has roll'd his onward tide, and, in its ample range,
Has pour'd along the happiest path vicissitude and change,
The flexile flowers of infancy their early leaves have shed,
And the strong and stately forest trees are waving in their stead.

We guide not now our children's steps, as we were wont before,
For they have sprung to warrior-men, they lean on us no more!
We gaze upon the lofty brow,—but thought and time have cast
A shade, thro' which we seek in vain the traces of the past!—

And do we mourn the utter change that mocks our memory there?
Ah no! 'tis but the answer'd wish of many a secret prayer!
Centre of all our dearest hopes, we live but in their fame,
But our love—as to a little child—how can it be the same?

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But our love—as to a little child—how can it be the same?

We still have one—an only one—secure in sacred trust,
It is the lone and lovely one that's sleeping in the dust;
We fold it in our arms again, we see it by our side,
In the helplessness of innocence, that sin hath never tried.

All earthly taint, all mortal years, however light they fly,
Must darken on the glowing cheek, and tame the eagle eye!
But thee!—our bright, unwithering flower!—our spirits' hoarded
store!
We keep thro' ev'ry chance and change, the same for evermore!

RECOLLECTIONS AT ——.

WRITTEN IN OCT. 1826.

WILD flowers, that fancy o'er our path has strown,
So gay in youth, maturer years embrown;
Nature's high instinct, like the vernal gales,
In childhood fresh'ning o'er the heart, prevails!
Shadows of beauty then around us come
Like trails of glory from the soul's first home,
Embellishing existence—they are gone,
Gone like the light that yesterday hath shone.

Yet forms that are, most beautiful remain,
They do not woo the poet's love in vain:
While his fine genius gives to all he sees
Their natural colours, they must ever please!
His thought-embodying mind can well express
Sensations others do not feel the less.

With variegated hues adorn'd, below
A mellow autumn's sun, the woodlands glow;

All is unbreathing silence, not a rush
Stirs, not a sound breaks through the noon-day hush.
Years have elapsed, but what are years, since they,
Whom I remember here, have past away!
Like to a sun-burst gathering clouds among,
Probus shone forth above the worldly throng
That walk in darkness, warming all who came
Within his influence, yet unmark'd by fame.
He drew towards God, with sweet attractive force,
Those who deflected from the proper course.
Though mild to others, to himself severe,
He ne'er relax'd, content that Heaven was near:
Religion early on his heart engraved
The maxim, be thou watchful to be saved.

His mind, within its tenement of dust,
Rose unassailable by passion's gust:
The pyramid, thus heavenward pointing, stands
Above the desert's ever-whirling sands.

Habitual piety had given a tone
Of feeling to him, that seem'd his alone;
The calm intensity of which, unquell'd
By tumults of the world, each act impell'd.

He has received the meed of faith, and now
The cross shines forth triumphant on his brow.

He too, who while on earth could nothing find
To satisfy the longings of his mind,
So ill by grosser spirits understood,
Realizes now his dream of perfect good.

That dream, a light prophetic as he mused,
Gradual his mind's horizon circumfused;
Promise, through intervening mists of sense,
Of knowledge infinite, of love intense:
Love opes, as truth, the everlasting doors
Of Heaven, for the elect of God, outpours
Through depths of space, from suns-embracing zones,
Harmonious joy in fragrance-breathing tones.

The light-encircled spirits seem to move
As visitants from Heaven through yonder grove;
Though the world's follies be by them forgot,
Yet they might wish to consecrate the spot,
With their occasional presence, that on earth
They loved, where ripen'd first for Heaven their worth;

There, there to flourish in its proper soil,
Not asking, to support it, further toil.
Virtue is there identified with Being,
Splendours we vaguely guess at ever seeing;
Splendours ineffable, that Milton's pen
Scarce shadowed out, above our mental ken.—
Now they commingle with that holy race,
Whom Powers that emanate from God embrace!
Measureless knowledge—man here *vainly* craves—
Now circumscribes them, as the sea its waves:
Not flashing forth and vanishing by turns,
Devotion's steady flame above them burns;
And happiness, that through this vale of tears
Scarce smiles on man, to them how bright appears!

LINES

WRITTEN IN EARLY SPRING.

From the sod no crocus peeps,
And the snow-drop scarce is seen,
And the daffodil yet sleeps
In its radiant sheath of green;
Yet the naked groves among
Is an homeless music heard,
And a welcoming is sung,
'Till the leafless boughs are stirred
With a spirit and a life
Which is floating all around;
And the covert glades are rife
With the new awakened sound
Of the birds, whose voices pour
To an interrupted strain,
As they scarcely were secure
That the spring was come again.
Soon the seasonable flowers
Will a glad assurance bring,
To their fresh and leafy bowers,
Of the presence of the spring:

And these snatches of delight
  Are the prelude of a song,
That will daily gather might,
  And endure the summer long.

SONNET.

How like a bannered host, whose fierce array
From a fenced city's portals rushes out,
And pours along with clamour and with shout,
Bursts this impetuous torrent into day,
And foams and flashes onward with white spray,
And crests, whereon the sunbeams glide and glance,
As tho' on helméd warriors' plume and lance,
And glittering arms, that in the splendour play.

How soon its waveless surface lies serene,
Unwrinkled, save that on it you may trace
The pebble's form beneath, as on a face,
Which mirrors a pure mind, each thought is seen,
For now it dwells in the open day, but then
Chafed like a mind which bursts from Error's den.

SONNET.

THERE was an antique time, when man could hold
That not a planet lit the mystic eve,
But did some secret of the skies enfold,
And with the starry revolutions weave
His proper fate,—and could no less believe
Sol ripened in its silent mine the gold,
Mars the harsh iron, lead Saturnus old,—
And that all things did astral power receive.

That happy faith has vanished:—only thou
Art ours, fair planet! and we still may deem
That thou hast sympathies with all below,
Who rule our seasons, Ocean's ebb and flow—
Who wane as we, and oft in mid Heaven seem
Wandering, like us, in some unquiet dream.

EARLY MORNING.

How dim the dying moon looks out above,
How mournful all around! as if the sky
Were sad for Lucifer, so glorious once,
So fallen Lucifer.—Ye Hosts of Heaven,
Remember ye, yet pale, your Leader's fall?
Well may that fearful hour astound you yet,
And bid you tremble in your golden spheres.
Out of that light came darkness—but behold
Another darkness, source of deathless light,
Enveloping yon mystic Cross, where Earth
Is reconcil'd to Heav'n. Who bred the strife?
That rebel Angel, fir'd with envious hate
At the fresh joys of unpolluted Man.
Away with impious sadness! pity them
Who sank beneath his power—and, oh! adore
Yon guiltless victim, who, to quell that power,
Left his own bliss ineffable on high,
To wear a veil of clay, to live in grief,
And die, in shame and anguish, for our sakes!

ON THE DEATH OF MY MOTHER.

" By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion."

By Cam's slow-winding waves I sat to weep,
And mix'd my sorrows with the silent deep.
I mourn'd ('twas filial duty bade me mourn)
The sad remembrance of a parent's urn.
On the grey willow hung my pensive lyre,
While my gay friends the wonted song require.
But how, alas! should I, with grief oppress'd,
Share in the song that cheers the youthful breast!
If ever, O my Mother! from my mind
Thy image slip, or leave no trace behind,
Then let this hand forget her skill to inspire,
With melody sublime, th' impassion'd lyre.
If ever I forget thy tender cares
From my first childhood to my riper years,
Thy dying wish so ardently express'd,
To see once more and clasp me to thy breast,

If on these things a thought I ne'er employ,
In scenes of sadness or in scenes of joy,
Then let my honest tongue refuse her part,
And scorn to act for this ungrateful heart.
Yet must I own, for well, alas! I know,
(And hence in larger streams my sorrows flow,)
Much did her love my gratitude exceed,
And much I err'd in thought, in word, in deed.
But, Lord, forgive the penitential son
Whate'er he did amiss, or left undone.
And thou, parental shade, accept this tear,
Accept these lines I scatter o'er thy bier.
Once thou wert wont my sonnets to rehearse,
And, with fond rapture, dwell upon my verse;
But since no more thou canst approve my lay,
Sprightly in vain, and impotently gay,
The reed shall wake my soul to joy no more,
No longer o'er thy grave its sounds I'll pour.

TO A FRIEND,

WITH THE AUTHOR'S PICTURE.

THOU, in whose gentle mind those virtues blend
That consecrate the hallow'd name of friend:
Affections warm and true, that never die;
And stedfast faith, and liberal courtesy;
Kind, social converse, and advice sincere,
And sympathy's warm sigh, and pity's tear;
The aid that pious wisdom can impart,
And every balsam for a broken heart,
And modest mental charms untaught to shine,
My long-belov'd companion, all are thine.

No clouds obscure thy mild and cheering day,
And bounty marks, and blessings crown thy way.
I cannot add to thy abundant store,
Nor would thy temperate wishes ask for more:
Yet fain would I my gratitude approve,
And mark it with some little gift of love;
I give—'tis all I can—my pictured shade,
Wan in the sable garb of woe pourtray'd.

And now, in pensive mood, I see thee trace
The marks of years and sorrows on that face,
Which met thee first, so gay, in youthful glee,
Which often smiled, and always smiled on thee,
On which wild fancy's fair illusions play'd,
And quickly chas'd each intervening shade,
'Till bleak adversity his wintry storm
Pour'd forth relentless on that faded form,
And bade the cordial, pleased expression fly
From the pale cheek, dark brow, and sunken eye.

Yet, when or grief or languor clouds thy pow'rs,
(As who exists without some languid hours?)
Thy thoughtful eyes to this mute phantom raise,
And let thy mind, approving, whisper praise;
Think o'er the deeds of love I owe to thee,
What thou hast been, and what thou art to me;
And let the memory of the past impart,
That sweetest cordial to a sinking heart,
Fair recollections rising on the mind,
Of virtuous acts beneficent and kind;
So shall thy grateful friend her wish obtain,
Nor thou behold that shadowy form in vain,
That wakes, in long review, the former years again!

HEALTH.

Best-boon of Heav'n, all-cheering Health,
Thou guardian of the straw-roof'd cot,
Without whose presence boundless wealth
Is worthless as the beggar's lot.

Thy handmaid is divine Content,
Whose whispers every grief beguile;
Thy smile is beauty's ornament,
And trembling Love recalls thy smile.

Less charms the lovely vale displays
Beneath the dark and chilly blight,
But the glad sun's returning rays
Gild the green slopes with fairer light.

All absence from the joys we prize
Endears them when they dawn again;
And pleasure laughs in friendship's eyes,
The witness of departed pain;

But, oh! if absence from our friends,
If all the gloom of winter's mien,
Such rapture to our meeting lends,
Such colours to the vernal scène,

What heartfelt joys will swell my breast
When sickness from Eliza flies,
And fires, rekindling, shine confest
In the bright mirror of her eyes.

Let not, blest Health! the pray'r be vain,
That calls thee back to linger here;
This roof shall hail thy smile again,
If love prevails, with many a tear.

EXPLANATION SENT WITH A SEAL,

HAVING THREE IMPRESSIONS OF CUPID, SET IN A GOLD MOUSE-TRAP, TO A YOUNG LADY WHOSE SOUBRIQUET WAS "MOUSE."

'Tis Hymen's trap with Cupids baits,
For so that Pagan Poacher waits,
Deeming the Mouse has reach'd an age
To grace this matrimonial cage,
Adorn'd with knots of bridal satin,
To lure sleek mouse or scraggy Rat in,
Yet forged to make the captive feel
That every bar is temper'd steel.
His Paphian Majesty desires
To see you peeping thro' the wires;
But let this triple seal's device
Be mark'd, and save incautious Mice.
See *Him* to whom Idalia bowed,
Who fires the tame, and quells the proud,
He bends, he baits the trap—upon it
He lays a poetaster's sonnet:—
Approach not near, young Mouse, beware!
For paper is but empty fare.

Here Cupid, *mis en militaire*,
Adopts a small life-guardsman's air,
The young impostor hides his wings
By dint of horsehair, belts, and strings;
His fillet turns a crimson sash,
His quiver grows a sabredash,
All boots, and buttons, lace and leather,
He baits the mouse-trap with a feather;
Yet plumes so graceful, soft, and bright,
Are often wavering loose and light.
Then once again, young Mouse, beware!
And trust to nought as false as fair.

Then, dressing as the god of riches,
In buckled shoes and velvet breeches,
With wig to hide each pinion'd shoulder,
And spectacles to make him older,
Feeding his tiny nose with snuff,
Pompous and pondering and gruff,
From Danaë's precedent of old,
He baits the trap with bags of gold.
But, ah! young Mouse, again beware!
For plenty will not banish care.

DISAPPOINTED LOVE.

Whither, whither shall I flee,
Far from look or thought of thee?
By what spell persuade my heart
From its baffled love to part?
Like the dove, that round the ark,
O'er those waters lone and dark,
Urging far her weary race,
Flew, yet found no resting-place;
So to thee, my thoughts, in vain
Driven abroad, return again.
Spite of scorn and broken vow;
All without is cheerless now.
Yet, perchance, as worldlings say,
Time may bring a calmer day,
Years may blight love's sweetest wreath,
Absence do the work of death.
Whither, whither shall I flee,
Far from look or thought of thee?
Say—can adverse winds assail
Him who courts no favouring gale?

Fate hold scourges yet in store
For him who hopes or loves no more?
Vain—'tis vain—the heart, bereav'd
Of all its brightest dreams conceiv'd,
Where a stamp like thine is set,
Pines or breaks—can ne'er forget!

EVENING.

Now sink the winds, the soft, sweet hour is come—
The still, the sacred hour that bids us rest;
There is no busy noise, no startling hum,—
A calmness falls, like dew, upon the breast.
The Sun is pillowed in the glowing west,
Shedding his farewell blush;—the peerless star,
That loves to deck the meek-eyed Evening's rest,
Unveils her dewy frontlet from afar,
And cheers, with mellow smiles, her silent worshipper.

There is a holiness in Evening's breath,
A mild religion in her tranquil look,
That stills the tumult of the soul like death.
No bad, no angry passion will she brook,
Her sacred meaning cannot be mistook,
She walks abroad in beauty for the good.
In her clear face we read, as in a book,
" Be pure—on angry thoughts thou shalt not brood,
" Mine is the hour of peace, and not of passions rude."

Thou art the rainbow to the soul, sweet Eve,
The lovely pledge, the herald of bright days;
In thy calm presence we forget to grieve
The ruin of the past—thy smile allays
The pang of memory—the vulture preys
Upon the heart no more, but softly there
The dove of promise nestles, and displays
Her healing wings, and, sweet as childhood's prayer
Come o'er the wearied mind the thoughts of what we were

When life was in its spring, and all things smil'd
On the young blossoms of the opening heart,
Ere mocking visions of the world beguil'd,
And bade the morning dews of hope depart.
No more—no more—ah! nothing can impart,
New spring, new loveliness to life's sad waste!
A comforter, serenest Eve, thou art:
The beams of peace, which thou art shedding, cast
A magic halo round, and charm away the past!

SONNET TO SLEEP.

COME, ever welcome, ever soothing Sleep!
With more than Lethe grant me not to be!
From thought, 'tis all I ask, Sleep, set me free!
Thou transient death:—then, oh! be doubly deep,
And set thy seal on eyes that wake to weep.
Nightly, that best of boons, I owe to thee—
A pause from sorrow's fruitless agony.
While years of desolation slowly creep,
Sleep, soothe me still; infuse thy blest relief.
So shall no vain moroseness sour the heart,
Tho' the mind bend beneath oppressive grief,
And sorrow, stern preceptress, ne'er impart
Contempt for this sweet world divinely fair,
Nor make me scorn the bliss I cannot share.

TO A LADY,

WHO, ANXIOUS TO LEARN LATIN, AND DESPAIRING OF HER OWN POWERS, ASKED A GENTLEMAN TO ASSIST HER.

I.

SAYS a Bee to a Cockchafer, " Pray, Sir, can you
Show the way to the top of yon hill?
I was told that sweet shrubs on its summit there grew;
But to reach it surpasses my skill.

II.

" The power of mounting, like you, I can't boast,
But this I can say in my praise,
That by indolence nothing have I ever lost,
Or neglected what came in my ways.

III.

" I trust that those shrubs may rich nectar afford,
Which I into honey may bring:
In the winter I then have a plentiful hoard,
And can wait the return of the spring."

IV.

" *Allons*," said the Cockchafer. " Come, Mrs. Bee,
Now set all your pow'rs in motion;
But, look ye, you'd best not run races with *me*—
Of a contest, I hope, you've no notion.

v.

" Why you puff and you blow, and you seem hard to strive,
With your flappings and hummings and tones,
If I turn about on you, as I am alive,
With my wings I shall soon break your bones."

VI.

" Have mercy! good Cockchafer; think that I never
Was taught *pirouetting* like you:
My best will I do—but if you are too clever
To be patient—*I must* say, adieu."

VII.

" Nay, nay, Goody Bee, I was only in joke—
Come, come, you are half up the way—
Put one of your little feet fast on my cloke
And you'll mount up, as sure as the day:

VIII.

" See now, here we are, amid all your fine flow'rs,
Here's the rose, and the jasmine, and pink:
Come, rest for a while in these beautiful bow'rs,
I'll soon find you something to drink."

IX.

" Ah! now I perceive them, dear Cockchafer, near,
And sweet comes the scent on the breeze—
Ah! now I am sure I've no labour to fear,
Now, now I may sing at my ease.

X.

" Come, Rose, incline thy fragrant breast,
And let me taste thy sweets—
Conceal'd from those who idle rest,
Whose eye no labour meets—

XI.

" But largely given to those who win,
By toil, thy high abode;
And, urged by spirit from within,
Can brave the arduous road."

TRANSLATION

FROM THE GERMAN OF LESSING.

THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE FROGS.

" Alas!" said Philomel, and sigh'd,
" Those envious frogs correct my pride;
" Their croaking bids me lay aside
" My weaker strain."

" Courage, melodious bird," said I,
" Another song I pray thee try;
" *I* hear no frogs when thou art by;
" Come, sing again."

LINES TO A YOUNG LADY,

ON HER MARRIAGE.

They tell me, Gentle Lady, that they deck thee for a bride,
That the wreathe is woven for thy hair, the bridegroom by thy side,
And I think I hear thy father's sigh, thy mother's calmer tone,
As they give thee to another's arms—their beautiful—their own.

I never saw a bridal, but my eyelid hath been wet,
And it always seem'd to me as though a joyous crowd were met,
To see the saddest sight of all, a gay and girlish thing,
Lay aside her maiden gladness—for a name—and for a ring.

And other cares will claim thy thoughts, and other hearts thy love,
And gayer friends may be around, and bluer skies above,
Yet thou, when I behold thee next, may'st wear upon thy brow,
Perchance, a mother's look of care, for that which decks it now.

And when I think how often I have seen thee, with thy mild
And lovely look, and step of air, and bearing like a child,
Oh! how mournfully, how mournfully the thought comes o'er my
brain,
When I think thou ne'er may'st be that free and girlish thing again.

I would, that as my heart dictates, just such might be my lay,
And my voice should be a voice of mirth, a music like the May;
But it may not be!—within my breast all frozen are the springs,
The murmur dies upon the lip—the music on the strings.

But a voice is floating round me, and it tells me in my rest,
That sunshine shall illume thy path, that joy shall be thy guest,
That thy life shall be a summer's day, whose ev'ning shall go down,
Like the ev'ning in the eastern clime, that never knows a frown.

When thy foot is at the altar, when the ring hath press'd thy hand,
When those thou lov'st, and those that love thee, weeping, round thee stand,
Oh! may the rhyme that friendship weaves, like a spirit of the air,
Be o'er thee at that moment—for a blessing and a prayer!

STANZAS

ADDRESSED TO ———.

" Un oiseau peut se faire entendre
" Après la saison des beaux jours,
" Mais sa voix n'a plus rien de tendre,
" Il ne chante plus ses amours:
" Ainsi je touche encore ma lyre."

VOLTAIRE.

You ask me, Gentle Maiden!
For a rhyme, as friendship's boon,
But my spirit is o'erladen,
My heart is out of tune;
I may not breathe a poet's vow,
My music is a name,—
And it seldom breaks its slumbers now
For beauty, or for fame.

Yet there are some who still can break
The spell that round it clings,
And gleams of thought, that yet awake
Sweet murmurings from the strings;

But then, with something of its old,
And long-forgotten art,
Oh! there mingle tones, that fall as cold
As midnight on the heart.

I hung it on a blighted tree,
In a dream-remember'd land,
Where the waters ripple peacefully,
In their beauty, to the strand,—
Beside my own Ianthe's bower,
Where I had trac'd her name,—
But, from that most ill-omen'd hour,
It never was the same.

Yet, though its gayer notes be flown,
My spirit doth rejoice,
When I deem that visionary tone
The echo of her voice:
For like the voice of the evening breeze,
When the autumn leaf it stirs,
And a murmuring music is on the trees,
Oh! just such a voice was hers.

Silent and sad her tomb is there,
And my early visions too,—
But her spirit is ling'ring in the air,
And her tears are in the dew,
And the light of her maidenly-mournful eyes,
On her bower hath never set,
For it dwells in the stars, and it gleams from the skies,
On a lonely bosom yet.

LINES

UPON

LADY FRANCES LEESON,

AFTERWARDS

LADY FRANCES BERESFORD.

HER eyes, that emulate cerulean blue,
With dove-like softness gleam and smile,
And, if the language that they speak be true,
Her heart is innocent of guile;
Sure all the beauties that we trace
In Leeson's fair, bewitching face,
Are copied from above;
Those peerless eyes, that faultless form,
The graces, which her charms adorn,
Saints might adore, and Angels love.

WRITTEN ON A LADY'S FAN.

FASHION'D by the hand of art,
Airs of coldness to impart,
Breathe not on Maria's heart,
For fear it should offend her!

For it's inclin'd and form'd, I know,
In the warmth of love to glow!
And chilling airs should never blow
On a heart so tender!

But, breathing as thou'rt made to do,
If thou canst but whisper too,
And think'st thou may'st have pow'r to woo,
And that thy sighs may move her,

Whisper what troubles I endure,
Whisper they're such as she can cure,
And she alone, it is too sure,
Oh! whisper how I love her!

AMY ROBSART TO LEICESTER.

Oh, Leicester! Leicester! but for thee
Grief had not dimmed thy Amy's prime!
Once joyous as the summer bee,
Now sad as yon deep boding chime:
Yon chime, that marks the lonely day,
The lonelier night, steals slowly on.
Leicester! my own beloved!—say,
Art thou for ever—ever gone!

Say, am I scorned—abandoned—left
A loathsome weed on life's dark sea!
Of friends, fame, fortune, all bereft,
And, oh! yet worse than all, of thee.
I cling to hope like one whose grasp
Clutches the spoil of some fierce wave;
Yet, oh! it trembles in my clasp!
Haste thee, false love! to sink or save!

I dread to sleep, for slumber brings
  Phantoms that laugh with fiendish mirth;
And, oh! yet worse imaginings
  Have waking hours, when from your hearth
Dim faggots send a flickering gleam,
  Or through the pane the moonlight falls,
Alas! full many a fearful dream
  Hath peopled then your tap'stried walls.

E'en noontide hours to me are fraught
  With horrid fears I shame to tell:—
Leicester! oh, can thy brain have wrought
  Such wrong for one thou lovedst so well!
They held the chalice to my lip—
  'Twas drugged—I read it in their eye—
Yet, if thou doom that Amy sip,
  Speak but the word, and Amy dies!

I lived but in thy love—thy smile—
  That lost, 'twere sweet to die for thee:—
Yet not by them—the base—the vile—
  'Tis thou alone must set me free!—

'Tis thou—I will not ask thee why—
Let me but kiss the hand that gives
My spirit wings—my latest sigh
Shall breathe of peace, for Leicester lives!

I dreamed last night of former days—
My own sweet love—the lattice-pane,
That oped to catch the sun's first rays—
To share the lark's first gladdening strain!
I sat beneath the beechen tree
With him—oh, shame! whose silvery brow
I left in lonely age—for thee—
For thee, that sin's avenger now!

Yet looked he not in anger—no!
He wept—I see him weeping yet—
Such tears as from the fond heart flow—
He knew not, Leicester, to forget!
'Twas mockery all! the dark grave holds
My sire—and I am dead to thee!
Yet, though thy form another folds,
Leicester, no queen can love like me!

The blessed vision passed:—then came
A shape—I see its shadow still—
'Twere death to name his fearful name
Who comes—I'll whisper it—to kill!
'Tis he! I hear his stealthy tread,
His crimsoned hands my curtains wave,
I'm lost—they close around my bed—
Mercy! oh, Leicester! save me—save!

TO A FRIEND,

ON HER TASTE FOR GATHERING HEDGE FLOWERS.

WHERE thorny barriers seem to chide
The hand which steals the flowery wreath,
I've seen thee thrust the thorn aside,
To pluck the flower that blushed beneath.

And thus, Maria, as the wheel
Of life leads on the changing hour,
Remember, still, the sweets to steal,
Elude the thorn, to pluck the flower.

When fortune shows a dubious sky,
The east may smile—the west may lower;
Still, to the brighter turn the eye,
Elude the thorn, to pluck the flower.

In pity to its child below,
If Heaven thy cup of comforts sour;
The lesson learn, but chase the woe,
Elude the thorn, to pluck the flower.

But shun, dear Maid, the sweets which grow
  Where Pleasure paints her poisoned bowers;
Dark are those streams which gently flow,
  And rude the thorns which guard the flowers.

And seek thy sweets on holier ground,
  And where Religion's altars rise,
Her's are the thorns which never wound,
  And *her's* the flower which never dies.

" PEACE—BE STILL."

Go—lash with monarch hand the main,
Go—and the wind rebellious chain!—
The Persian Despot said;
To speed the task, in vain they fly;
Still roared the wind, and still on high
The billow curled its angry head.

Not so, when, once, Judea's wave
Forgot itself, and dared to rave
In presence of its God;
Unmoved the world's Redeemer stood,
" Be still!" he cried;—the blushing flood
Crouched suppliant 'neath its Maker's rod.

'Tis thus, when o'er the wounded soul
The troubled waves of sorrow roll,
The world would hush the storm;
She bids her slaves the tempest ride,
Bids them command the furious tide,
The fields of bliss no more deform.

Then Pleasure, from some vantage ground,
Scatters her oily perfumes round;
And Honour mounts the blasts;
Wealth in her bags the breeze would bind,
In vain;—still deeper roars the wind,
Still wide the moral tempest wastes.

But, if Religion's hallowed form
Move on the waters, soon the storm
To dumb repose is driven;
Mute is the blast which tore the soul,
And still the wave which used to roll,
And all within—is peace and Heaven.

A SABBATH MORNING.

17TH OF DEC. 1826.

How sweet, how calm this Sabbath morn!
How pure the air that breathes!
And soft the sounds upon it borne,
And light its vapour wreathes.

It seems as if the Christian's prayer
For peace, and joy, and love,
Were answer'd by the very air
That wafts its strain above.

Its chasten'd sunshine to the soul
Of hope's calm radiance speaks;
And its pure clouds, that lightly roll,
Seem sorrow's gilded streaks.

The village bells from far and near,
That peal with soften'd swell,
Seem to the Christian's charmed ear,
A tale of joy to tell.

They seem like angel voices, sent
To raise our thoughts on high,
To bid our hopes t'wards Heav'n be bent,
To bid them scale the sky.

Oh! do not let them call in vain,
But joyful join the band,
Who, chaunting Truth's inspiring strain,
Before their Saviour stand.

Let each unholy passion cease,
Each evil thought be crush'd,
Each anxious care, that mars thy peace,
In Faith's pure lap be hush'd.

So shall the peace that reigns without
Thine inmost bosom fill,
Unmov'd by fear, uncheck'd by doubt,
Obedient to God's will.

IN MEMORY OF AN INFANT.

I.

Sweet flower!—no sooner blown than blighted—
Sweet voice!—no sooner heard than lost—
Young wanderer!—in thy morn benighted—
Bright barque!—scarce launched ere tempest-tost!—
Oh! who would wail thy brief career
With lamentation's selfish tear?
Oh! who would stay thy upward flight
Unto thy native land of light?
Who to this world of sin and pain
Thy spotless spirit would enchain?

II.

Thou didst descend from thy bright home,
A son of triumph to become!
—A passing stranger, who didst stay
One moment on thy heavenward way—
To take the name, and bear the sign
Of Christ, the conqueror divine:
Putting the glorious breast-plate on
Thy infant limbs with strength to don:

In thy young hand the sword to bear;
Upon thy brow the helm to wear;
And, with gigantic power, to wield
Faith's mighty and resplendent shield;
A hero girded for the fight
With weapons from the world of light!

III.

And when by *Him* was washed away
The taint that sullied its array,
Ere purposed sin, or practised guile
Its innocency could defile,
Pure as the dew-drop which to heaven,
Whence first it unpolluted came,
Bright and unstained again is given,
Though changed in nature, still the same,
Thy soul went up unhurt, and free
From mixture of infirmity!

IV.

Angels, who guard the saints on earth,
Were the attendants at thy birth!
Angels were with thee, when thine eye
Glanced back on immortality;
And through thy fleshly veil there shone
A welcome from th' eternal throne!

Ev'n Death himself, who set thee free,
Smiled, as he turned thy prison key,
Unlocked the door, and bade thee go
Back from this world of sin and woe!

v.

Blest being! though a parent's tear
Bedews her infant's early bier;
Though o'er thy pale and beauteous brow
Young flowers thy earthly sisters throw—
Emblems of what thou *wast* and *art*,
Emblems of that *themselves shall be*—
Though we may feel within the heart
The weakness of humanity;
And when remembrance paints the smile
Which charmed thy mother's pangs erewhile,—
The powerless trust, in which did rest
Thy speechless lip upon her breast,—
And those fair visions, which but seem
The wild deceptions of a dream:
Though, 'tis in vain to check the sigh
Which swells for utterance loud and high;
Yet when that natural pang is o'er,
When that brief agony is past,
And Mercy shines supreme at last,
Reason forbids to sorrow more,

And Joy upon Religion's wing
Comes down, thy victory to sing,
Who, in one short and painless breath,
Hast triumphed over life and death!

VI.

Sweet flower! transplanted to a clime
Where never come the blights of time—
Sweet voice! which now shalt join the hymn
Of the undying Seraphim—
Young wanderer! who hast reached thy rest
With everlasting glory blest—
Bright barque! that, wrecked on life's dark sea,
Hast anchored in eternity—
To toils so long, so hard, as mine
Be such a recompense as thine!

TO A MOURNER.

CLING to the Cross, thou lone one,
For a solace in thy grief;—
Let Faith believe its promise,
There is joy in such belief.

Oh! lie not down, poor Mourner!
On the cold earth in despair:
Why give the grave thy homage?
Does the spirit moulder *there?*

The Unbeliever trusts not
The atonement of the Cross,
Say—*where* shall *he* find comfort
In the gloom of such a loss?

Can he cheer his house of mourning
With the madden'd cry of mirth?
No: he throws himself, despairing,
On *his all*—a clod of earth!

Cling to the Cross, thou lone one,
For it hath power to save;
If the Christian's hope forsake thee—
There's no hope beyond the grave!

ON THE

FIRST SIGHT OF THE SEA.

Visions of vastness and of beauty! long,
Too long have I neglected ye: content
Nor to have sooth'd my soul to rest among
Your evening lullaby of breeze and wave,
While the low sun, retiring, glow'd from far,
A pillar of gold upon a marble plain:
Nor yet, wild wak'd from that deceitful sleep,
When the storm wav'd his giant scourge, and rode
Upon the rising billows, have I sate
Listening with fearful joy, and pulse that throbb'd
In unison to every bursting wave.
Yet the strong passion slept within my soul,
Like an unwaken'd sense: even as the blind
Mingles in one dear dream all softest sounds,
All smoothest surfaces, and calls it light.
  Such lovely, formless visions once were mine,
Dear to remembrance yet; but far more dear
The present glories of the world of waves.

So, through a glass seen darkly, mortals deem
Of things eternal: but even now, is the hour
When gales from Heaven shall blow, and the true Sun,
Rising in glory o'er th' unknown expanse,
Shall pour at once upon th' unbodied soul
Floods of such blessedness, as mortal sense
Might not endure, nor spirit, pent in flesh,
Imagine dimly. Be my race so run,
In holy faith and righteous diligence,
That, purg'd from earthly film and fear, my soul
May catch her first glimpse of eternity,
Mists gradual roll away, and the calm wave
Still smile and brighten as I draw more near.

ON SIR HENRY BUNBURY,

WHO DIED AT THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE, MAY, 1798, AGED 25.

Is there some breast, elate with honest pride,
That pants to venture on the world untried?
And, full of sanguine youth's ingenuous creed,
Thinks worth must rise, and merit must succeed,—
Here, fond enthusiast, check thy hopes, and know,
Full oft the star of genius sets in woe,
Th' untimely loss of rare desert bemoan,
And, mourning Bunbury's fate, mistrust thine own.
Heav'n had his form with manly beauty grac'd,
His mind with strength, intelligence, and taste,
And bless'd him, oh! how far above the throng,
With reach of thought, and energy of tongue;
Each happier tone of ev'ry chord he hit,
His gravity was sense, his mirth was wit,
His were affections undebas'd by art—
The gentlest manners, with the warmest heart—
Judgment to cull, and mem'ry to retain,
Free as he roam'd through learning's wide domain,

From truth's historic mine the richest ores,
The loveliest wreaths from fiction's rosy bow'rs:—
Such as he was, to bleeding friendship dear,
He clos'd in distant climes his short career.
Yet there connubial love's assuasive pow'r
Calm'd the last struggles of his parting hour.
Here let parental grief embalm his name,
And still the muse he cherish'd guard his fame.

BALLAD.

O! the flower of Moorish maidens is Aleu-Hamet's child,
With eyes that mock the mountain roes, so tender, yet so wild,
And secretly she doats upon a knight of Christian strain,
The young Garcia Perez, the bravest lance in Spain.
But, ah! the king of Corduba hath marked her for his prey,
And in his proud Alcazar, now she weeps her hours away!

There's music and high feasting in the Moorish monarch's hall,
And loud he calls on Zabra—but she comes not at his call,
She is not in her chamber—in vain they seek her there—
But from the open lattice streams a silken scarf so fair,
And on it, worked by Zabra's hand, they read, " Sir King,
adieu!
For to-night I sup in gay Castile with my lover so bold and true."

TO THE MEMORY

OF A

LAMENTED FRIEND,

UPON SEEING HIS PORTRAIT FOR THE FIRST TIME AFTER HIS DEATH.

" Is it indeed a painted shade,
  Vain mockery all, unreal, untrue ?"
Thus to my swelling heart I said,
  When first thy portrait met my view.

Above the social board it smiled,
  The eye with social pleasure beamed;
The high, clear brow, th' expression mild,
  Thyself, thy very self, it seemed!

But silence mocked my hope, and truth
  Dispersed the momentary spell.
I felt thee gone, friend of my youth!
  Chill on my soul conviction fell!

For when, till now, did I complain,
  Yet find thy pitying accents mute?
When didst thou coldly, calm remain,
  At friendship's voice, or sorrow's suit?

Yes, thou art gone! a few brief years,
And we, who loved, shall follow thee;
Why should I shed these idle tears?
Why should I mourn, that thou art free?

Have I not heard thee frequent tell
Of hopes high raised, sublime and strong?
And marked thy breast with wishes swell,
Which, breathed on earth, to Heaven belong?

Farewell!—farewell!—when next we meet,
'Twill be on the eternal shore!
And thou, paternal friend! shalt greet
And bless me, as in days of yore.

A NEAPOLITAN'S FAREWELL TO NAPLES.

FAREWELL, my native city,
My native shores, farewell!—
And a tear of grief and pity,
From the exile's eye-lid fell.

My despot's chain is stronger
Than that of my love to thee;
Thy tyranny is longer,
And I must seek the free.

Like the sunbeams is thy glory,
That crest thine azure wave:
And every age's story
Is a line from freedom's grave.

I have danced 'mid thy tendrils of vine;
I have loved within thy groves;
Thy soil has been the mine
Where my heart found all it loves.

Where I hoarded my youth's first treasure;
Where I heaved its latest sigh;
Where it first o'erflowed with pleasure,
And where its springs grew dry.

Tho' less sunny is the north,
Tho' its waves are not so blue,
'Tis the soil of freedom's birth,
And its spirits are bold and true.

Did the mighty and the bold
Grasp the chain that bound thee,
Though with a despot's hold
That chain were clasp'd around thee;

Thine oppression I'd endure,
For the love I bear to thee:
Wert thou haughty, though not pure,
Wert thou mighty, though not free.

But to know that even thy beauty
Is but the spoiler's bait,
To know that the subject's duty
Is but a cloke for hate:

My spirit soars above thee!
I cannot brook thy shame:
It is too much to love thee,
Yet blush to bear thy name.

I love thee, but I leave thee,
I go to return no more:
May Heaven in its pity relieve thee,
Farewell, my native shore!

THE BRIDAL.

THERE is a joyous meeting, and a train
Of plumed and jewelled ladies doth appear
Within yon glittering chamber, whence a strain
Of soft voluptuous music charms the ear;
And there are gilded chariots waiting near;
And all is gay and smiling, for to-day
Is love triumphant, trembling hope and fear
By beauty's yielding lips are charmed away;
And the fair tyrant soon will promise to obey.

" The course of true love never smooth doth run,"
Away, away with the desponding cry,
Yon lover's heart rejects it, he hath won
The prize which taught him for a time to sigh,
But did not long his true love's ardour fly.
Its course *was* smooth, and now before him rise
Long years of nuptial blessings; while his eye
With expectation glistens, as he tries
To chase the lingering time which all too slowly flies.

'Tis come—the hour hath stricken! why delays
The bridal lady? do her feet refuse
To bear her from the chamber where her days
Of innocence and youth were spent? Abuse
Thy throbbing heart no longer, thou must lose
That prize, which but a moment past was thine.
Instead of sighs and blushing tears, the dews
Of death hang round her, pearls her hair do twine,
But the far brighter eyes are quenched, and ne'er again
may shine.

TO THE DEAD.

I.

It is a hush'd and holy spot
Where death has wrought thy dreamless bed,
And bade thee still, all unforgot,
Forget—that charter of the dead!

II.

At length thy heart is cold; the pain
Which wrings my own thou canst not see,
Nor turn to smiles this sullen strain,
Which soothes—because it breathes of *thee!*

III.

If once my spirit stole the vow,
But due to love, to waste on fame,
My only wish for laurels now
Would be—to wreathe them round thy name.

IV.

I would not thou shouldst cease to live
While fame its being can bestow,
And to our broken passion give
The deathless memory of our woe.

V.

In life a widow'd lot we bore,
  But all my own in death thou art!
The grave, which severs hands the more,
  But breaks the barriers from the heart.

VI.

As he who bore a charmed doom,
  And saw friends—empires—ages fade,*
I live—a weed that wreathes its bloom
  Around the wrecks which time has made!

VII.

Hope's latest link from life is wrench'd!
  The bird, which blest the night, is fled!
The lamp, which lit the tomb, is quench'd!
  I stand in darkness with the dead!

* St. Leon, in Godwin's tale.

ASCENSION DAY.

Like Bridegroom in his morning state
The sun hath passed the eastern gate,
Rejoicing, with a giant's pride
His car of light thro' Heav'n to guide:
Unclouded is the steep career
Of him, the princely charioteer;
For night, with all her hosts, had fled
The radiant lifting of his head;
And mists of twilight melt away
Before the flaming lord of day;
And now his upward course is driven,
He scales the noontide vault, and rides in highest Heav'n.

But brighter was the morning sky
When Christ, the Holiest, rose on high;
A purer light from Heav'n, I ween,
By his own chosen band was seen,
When He, triumphant o'er the grave,
His last and dearest blessing gave,

And bade them trust, and hope, and strive
To gain the palm that he would give;
Then, as the new and holy light
Beam'd dimness on the wondering sight,
Borne upwards, to his own withdrew,
Where faith may hail him thron'd, but sight may not pursue.

Yet slow his lingering footsteps, slow
His parting from the world below;
For love was there to urge his stay,
And faith might fail were he away,
And many a boon he pledged to cheer
Their parting souls. But now more near
The hour is come. He looks on high,
And present to the gifted eye
God's ministering spirits wait,
Bright circling round the golden gate,
And notes, as from an angel's lyre,
Strike on the ear of faith, and lead the heavenly choir.

" Ascend, O Lord! thy legions stand
Attendant on thy high command;

All marshall'd in their wide array,
To hail their Chief's triumphant day.—
Ascend, O Lord!—Their clarions ring,
Attun'd to welcome home their King,
Their conquering King, who mounts from earth
Immortal, tho' of mortal birth,
Who sin, and death, and hell subdued
By his enduring fortitude,
His cup of earthly suffering drain'd,
Soars to the Heav'n his love for fallen man hath gain'd.

" Ascend, O Lord! too long thy throne,
Left vacant, claims the sceptred son,
Return—'tis thy triumphant day.
All glorious as thou art within,
Cast off the seeming robe of sin
That wraps thee round, and, sinless, rise
A God to the rejoicing skies:
Here, welcom'd by paternal love,
Almighty in thy realms above,
In thine own strength exalted shine,
So will we praise thy power with minstrelsy divine."*

* Psalm, xxi. 13.

In deep suspense the angelic train
A moment ceas'd the rapturous strain—
See rais'd in hope is every brow—
See every cheek exultant glow—
Again each seraph's lyre accords
Its welcome to the Lord of Lords—
Yet still he comes not—'till a tone,
Low breathing from the sapphire throne,
Hush'd the wide Heav'ns. In silence blank
The universal concord sank,
And heard the still small voice alone,
" Thy task on earth is finish'd—come, my beloved Son."

Sublime from earth the Saviour rose,
A flight so calm, 'twas like repose.
And now, enthron'd at God's right hand,
He takes his everlasting stand—
He, lower than the angels made—
He, by a traitor's lips betray'd—
He, late with Hell's own fetters bound—
With glory and with worship crown'd,
Is GOD confess'd.—Thro' highest Heav'n
The universal " Hail " was given—

" Thy task is done, thy work complete,
Now reign for aye with all things subject at thy feet."

For aye he reigns, believed, ador'd,
And Heav'n and earth proclaim their Lord—
He reigns—and, tho' the hallow'd view,
Vouchsaf'd unto the faithful few,
Be seal'd to other eyes, shall reign
'Till earth and Heav'n dissolv'd again
In elemental ruin fall,
And God in Christ be all in all—
Then the assembled world shall see,
As erst the man of Galilee,
The Son of Man on clouds upborne,
And all shall own their Lord, on that his judgment morn.

" Who, unabash'd, unmov'd by fear,
Thy awful presence, Lord, shall bear?*
Who then thy sacred tents shall fill,
Or rest upon thy holy hill?
E'en he whose hands have done no wrong,
The guiltless of the slanderous tongue,

* Psalm xv. 1, 2, &c. &c.

The pure in heart, who constant seek
Their God, the self-abased and meek:
O'er them thy beams of love shall shine,
To them shall speak the voice divine,*
" Come ye, my Father's children, come,
Receive your realm prepar'd, your long predestin'd
home."

* Matt. xxv. 34.

SONNET

ON READING THE " STORY OF A LIFE."

" THE Story of a Life." What rainbow hues
To colour that eventful destiny
Thy fancy gave! the votary of the Muse,
The painter, sculptor, all shall come to thee,
Enchanter of the heart! and, raptur'd, choose
From thy bright page their model: there we see
The pictur'd groupe around the bard who woos
The listeners of the desert; tearfully,
Or flashing fire beneath each swarthy brow,
Beams the full eye;—behold, in living stone,
The noble form of Agatha;* and thou,
Fair poesy!—but thou art all his own.
If not thy cadence sweet, or measured line,
Yet lies thy tenderness, thy grace, thy imagery divine.

* See Story of a Life, vol. i. p. 60, and vol. ii. p. 109.

THE

SUBLIME AND RIDICULOUS.

From a Pastrycook's passage up one pair of stairs
On the Playhouse at Weymouth you pounce unawares:
So narrow a line of division betwixt
The sublime and ridiculous never was fix'd.

For here, as you're sipping or carving, 'tis droll
To reflect on the tragical dagger and bowl:
While Juliet above with her knife is at work,
Our Romeos are playing a desperate fork:
Siberia's exiles are freezing in ice,
While the cream on your palate dissolves in a trice;
Soups, patties, and giblets are smoking beneath,
Above, the rich banquet of royal Macbeth:
Here gizzard of goose, and there liver of Jew,
The tureen and the cauldron alternate renew:
Here, baked and imbedded in butter and flour,
A pair of young pigeons, like babes in the Tower:
There, smother'd in onions, a rabbit, whose fellow
Lies smother'd in down, by the ruthless Othello.

What rivers of blood, and what oceans of broth
Inundate the stage, and discolour the cloth!
While Pompey the little, and Pompey the great
Looks down from his niche, or jumps up on your plate.
" Here, Waiter, more bread," apropos, what a bore
To be craving for bread like unfortunate Shore!
Now bounces a cork, now a brisk cannonade
Presents Navarin or the Siege of Belgrade;
Bombastes above, soda-water below
Outsputter the rant of theatrical woe.

Sublime or absurd our debasement and pride,
What slender partitions of fancy divide!
How oft, when the veil of delusion is torn,
The gaze of our wonder's the butt of our scorn!

Napoleon, now trampling on sceptres and thrones,
And braving the terrors of opposite zones,
Now blazing in glory, now shivering with cold,
In tatters imperial of ermine and gold—
A reverse of himself as phantastic affords
As the turnspit and tyrant that frets on the boards;
To our mirth and our sympathy, much such a trial
As the Pastrycook's Shop and the Theatre Royal.

TO LOUISA.

LITTLE sportive beauty, say,
Must thy childish joys decay?
Every thought, when life is new,
Is as fresh as morning dew;
Fancy, on its buoyant wing,
Seeks the laughing breast of spring,
And the young heart takes delight
In each natural sound and sight.
Might thy childhood, almost past,
Blissful age, for ever last,
Mingling, with expanding sense,
Spotless truth and innocence;
Like the painted bow above,
Full of promise, peace, and love!
Like a bark upon the sea,—
Such is childhood's memory,
Leaving on the infant mind
Not a trace of grief behind;
Like a sky of summer blue,
Such is childhood's onward view,

All as vague, and all as bright,
Beaming with unclouded light.
Thy mind knows not an anxious doubt,
  It never heard of sin,
'Tis heedless of the world without,
  Rapt in its world within.
With flaxen hair and bright blue eyes,
A sprightlier fairy never smiled,
And I would fain some spell devise
To keep my favourite still a child.
I know that soon a riper grace
Will rest upon thy maiden face,
  But then thou wilt not be
  The same fair child to me,
  That came on winged feet,
  My well-known steps to greet.
With flaxen hair and bright blue eyes,
A sprightlier fairy never smiled,
And I would fain some spell devise
To keep my fairy still a child.

CHARADE.

My First—but how describe to thee
What I myself scarce know?—
The source of love and joy; to me
Too oft, alas! of woe.

It is the gayest, saddest thing,
That Heav'n to mortals gave.
It flutters most on rapture's wing,
It withers o'er the grave.

My next I've sought, with toil and pain,
In various realms to find,
My search, alas! how very vain!
Its home is in the mind.

Mary, mayst thou, on whose dear breast
My whole in beauty glows,
Enjoy within that peace and rest
My whole alone bestows.

CHARADE.

Up—up—Lord Raymond, to the fight,
Gird on thy bow of yew;
And see thy javelin's point be bright,
Thy falchion's temper true:
For over the hill, and over the vale,
My first is pouring its iron hail.

No craven he! yet beaten back,
From the field of death he fled;
My Second yawned upon his track,
The lion's lonely bed;
He smote the monarch in his lair,
And buried his rage and anguish there.

At dawn and dusk my whole goes forth,
On the ladder's topmost round;
He looks to the south, and he looks to the north,
He bids the bugle sound;
But many a cheerless moon must wane,
Ere his exiled lord return again!

CHARADE.

MORNING is beaming o'er brake and bower,
Hark! to the chimes from yonder tower;
Call ye my First from her chamber now,
With her snowy veil, and her jewelled brow.

Lo! where my Second, in gorgeous array,
Leads from his stable her beautiful bay,
Looking for her, as he curvets by,
With an arching neck, and a glancing eye.

Spread is the banquet, and studied the song;
Ranged in meet order the menial throng;
Jerome is ready with book and stole,
And the maidens fling flowers, but where is my whole?

Look to the hill—is he climbing its side?
Look to the stream—is he crossing its tide?
Out on the false one! he comes not yet,
Lady, forget him, yea, scorn and forget.

CHARADE.

My First was dark o'er earth and air,
As dark as she could be!
The stars, that gemmed her ebon chair,
Were only two or three;
King Cole saw twice as many there
As you or I could see.

" Away, King Cole," mine hostess said,
" Flaggon and flask are dry;
" Your nag is neighing in the shed,
" For he knows a storm is nigh."
She set my Second on his head,
And she set it all awry.

He stood upright upon his legs,
Long life to good King Cole!
With wine and cinnamon, ale and eggs,
He filled a silver bowl;
He drained the draught, to the very dregs,
And he called that draught—my Whole.

CHARADE.

Come from my First, aye, come!
The battle dawn is nigh;
And the screaming trump and the thundering drum
Are calling thee to die!
Fight as thy father fought,
Fall as thy father fell;
Thy task is taught, thy shroud is wrought:
So—forward! and farewell!

Toll ye, my Second! toll!
Fling high the flambeau's light;
And sing the hymn for a parted soul,
Beneath the silent night!
The wreath upon his head,
The cross upon his breast,—
Let the prayer be said, and the tear be shed:
So—take him to his rest!

Call ye, my Whole, aye, call!
  The lord of lute and lay;
And let him greet the sable pall
  With a noble song to-day.
Go, call him by his name;
  No fitter hand may crave
To light the flame of a soldier's fame
  On the turf of a soldier's grave!

CHARADE.

He talked of daggers and of darts,
Of passions and of pains,
Of weeping eyes and wounded hearts,
Of kisses and of chains;
He said, though Love was kin to Grief,
He was not born to grieve;
He said, though many rued belief,
She safely might believe:
But still the Lady shook her head,
And swore, by yea and nay,
My Whole was all that he had said,
And all that he could say.

He said my First—whose silent car
Was slowly wandering by,
Veiled in a vapour, faint and far,
Through the unfathomed sky—
Was like the smile, whose rosy light
Across her young lips pass'd,
Yet, oh! it was not half so bright,
It changed not half so fast.

But still the Lady shook her head,
And swore, by yea and nay,
My Whole was all that he had said,
And all that he could say.

And then he set a cypress wreath
Upon his raven hair,
And drew his rapier from its sheath,
Which made the Lady stare;
And said, his life blood's purple flow
My Second there should dim,
If she he loved and worshipped so
Would only weep for him:
But still the Lady shook her head,
And swore, by yea and nay,
My Whole was all that he had said,
And all that he could say.

CHARADE.

LORD RONALD by the rich torch-light
Feasted his vassals tall;
And he broached my First, that jovial knight,
Within his bannered hall:
The red stream went from wood to can,
And then from can to mouth,
And the deuce a man knew how it ran,
Nor heeded north or south:
" Let the health go round," Lord Ronald cried,
As he saw the river flow;—
" One health to-night to the noblest bride,
" And one to the stoutest foe!"

Lord Ronald kneeled, when the morning came,
Low in his mistress' bower;
And she gave him my Second, that beauteous dame,
For a spell in danger's hour;
Her silver shears were not at hand;
And she smiled a playful smile,
As she cleft it with her lover's brand,
And grew not pale the while:

" And ride, and ride," Lord Ronald cried,
As he kissed its silken glow;
" For he that woos the noblest bride,
" Must beard the stoutest foe!"

Lord Ronald stood, when the day shone fair,
In his garb of glittering mail;
And marked how my Whole was crumbling there,
With the battle's iron hail:
The bastion and the battlement
On many a craven crown—
Like rocks from some huge mountain sent—
Were trembling darkly down:
" Whate'er betide," Lord Ronald cried,
As he bade his trumpets blow;
" I shall win to-day the noblest bride,
" Or fall by the stoutest foe!"

CHARADE.

UNCOUTH was I of face and form,
But strong to blast and blight,
By pestilence and thunder-storm,
By famine and by fight;
Not a warrior went to the battle-plain;
Not a pilot steered the ship,
That did not look in doubt and pain,
For an omen of havoc and hurricane
To my dripping brow and lip.

Within my second's dark recess
In silent pomp I dwelt;
Before the mouth in lowliness
My rude adorer knelt:
And ever the shriek ran loud within,
And ever the red blood ran;
And amid the sin and smoke and din,
I sat with a changeless, endless grin,
Forging my First for man!

My priests are rotting in their grave,
  My shrine is silent now;
There is no victim in my cave,
  No crown upon my brow;
Nothing is left but dust and clay
  Of all that was divine;
My name and my memory pass away,
But dawn and dusk of one fair day,
  Are called by mortals mine.

RIDDLE.

MAKE room for a Critic—nay, ladies, don't start,
But hear the pretensions I have to the art;
The gay and the great ne'er my visits deny,
For where is the Critic so polished as I?
My extraction is low;—a mere son of the earth,
But merit has claims not inferior to birth.
Education I had;—and, to make me acute,
I was handsomely thumped by a hard-fisted brute;
Nor at Westminster, Winchester, Harrow, or Eton,
Was ever dull fellow more steadily beaten.
Thus by Horace's precept, in discipline's school,
Have I often grown hot, and as often grown cool:
When formed to perfection, and fit for my post,
Not a visage more sharp Aristarchus could boast;
Let Dennis or Warburton snarl as they may,
I was wrought to a temper as snappish as they.
Yet still let me urge to this praise I've a right,
On beauties I constantly throw a new light.
As to awkward pretenders, their efforts I'm sure
To blacken and daub like a Scottish reviewer.

Of the sly arts of authorship stealing's the chief,
Like Macmanus or Townsend I fly at a thief.
But my works, when collected, none deign to admire,
And 'tis twenty to one but they're thrown in the fire.
Now, ladies, I fear that my parts and behaviour
Have no great pretensions to hope for your favour.
Yet, ere you reject me—oh, listen, ye fair!—
I possess the blest talent of forming a pair.
Then to me quickly hasten each soft-hearted dame,
Whose innocent wishes may point to a flame,
My ready assistance I'll instantly bring her,
And soon shall the ring glitter bright on her finger.

ENIGMATICAL ADDRESS

TO THE

HEREFORD CATHEDRAL.

November, 1817.

FAIR turrets, that my fost'ring care
First raised ye up where now ye are,
  You'll scarce disown:
Howbeit with sacrilegious hand,
Whene'er thy ruthless foes command,
  I'll hurl ye down!
Hast thou, thy ancient walls beneath,
Ne'er watched me working deeds of death,
  In days of civil strife?
If not, why then in happier hour,
Thou view'st me use angelic power,
  T' assuage the ills of life.
Majestic pile! old time has flown
O'er thy huge brow with wings of down;
Then, while the dark-brown years roll on,
Innocuous, o'er thy massive stone,

Confess my potent spell:
Declare, I say, in humble tone,
How long I was, e'er thou wert known,
Give me the praise, and me alone,
So shalt thou thrive—my lay is done,
Sweet fabric, fare ye well!

THE CAPTIVE,

AN ENIGMA.

In vain let Britain's fav'rite coast
Her guardian laws and freedom boast,
A victim I to long oppression,
Charged with no treason or transgression.
A fair exterior still is mine,
With ev'ry talent form'd to shine,
Yet doom'd imprisonment to feel,
Shut in a circular Bastille,
With feudal loop holes pierc'd around,
No scanty loaf, no pitcher found,
No food to-day, no hope to-morrow,
Myself made light of and my sorrow;
No friend at law, no friend at court,
But, trusting to a reed's support,
My former sympathies forgot,
How oft I've soothed affliction's lot!
How dissipated oft the gloom
That aggravates the sick man's doom.

At length the deities of air
Took me beneath their special care,
And, with a kindness all their own,
Heard and reliev'd a captive's moan:
In spite of bars within—without—
Above—below—I still went out.

A SIMILE,

ADDRESSED TO THE EDITOR OF "THE CASKET."

As in a china-shop, when dash'd afar,
Fly the loose atoms of a fractur'd jar;
When earth, sea, sky, the floor promiscuous spread
With shapeless splinters, azure, green, and red,
The expert mechanic, with discerning eye,
Surveys the glittering fragments as they lie,
Collects, arranges, part with part compares,
Zigzags and curves and polygons and squares;
Sets edge to edge, and, measuring line by line,
Patient investigates the whole design.

Now rise distinct, in order and in mien,
The batter'd bridge, and mangled mandarin,
Plants and pagodas trac'd in varied shade,
Floods that ne'er ebb, and flowers that cannot fade.

Thus in a poet's vast portfolio lurk
The scatter'd scraps of some immortal work;

Conceptions crude, materials yet unwrought,
Thoughts reft of rhime, and rhimes divorc'd from thought.
Embrios unhatch'd, disorganised wrecks
Of tongues deceas'd, or living dialects;
Here verse, there prose, in undevelop'd grains,
And all the chaos of an author's brains.

Unskill'd to mend, yet conscious of defect,
The bard implores the critic to correct;
With curious search the practis'd sage reviews
Each straggling joint of the dismember'd muse;
Compacts the loose, resettles the displac'd,
With judgment orders, and reforms with taste:
New-fits the simile, new-turns the trope,
And gives to metaphor its proper scope:
More brightly now the flowers of rhetoric blow,
Now purer floods of elocution flow;
'Till starting from the mass, regenerate rise
A world of wit—a mental paradise.

Say, Lady! what avails the boast of man?
Brilliant, alas! yet brittle as japan!
What's genius, but a dislocated vase,
Ere critic paste cement its countless flaws?

Patch'd by Pisistratus, so Homer rose,
And Ossian, plaster'd by Macpherson's prose.

In thee, endow'd with either art—though all
Parnassus sink, and China's self should fall,
May reformation's plastic powers unite,
And blend Vancouver with the Stagirite!
That each frail vessel, bowl, or brain endure
No crack, but what thy saving hand may cure,
Potent to shape the literary clay,
And triumph o'er the ruins of Cathay.

FINIS.

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